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No. 1353.—NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1898.

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LECTURE ARRANGEMENTS AFTER EASTER, 1898.

LECTURE HOUR, 3 O'CLOCK P.M.

THOMAS COOPER GOTCH, Esq.—TWO LECTURES on "PHASES of ART; PAST and PRESENT." On TUESDAYS, April 12, 19, 26.

SAMUEL RAWSON GARDINER, Esq., M.A., D.C.L., LL.D., Fellow of Merton College, Oxford.—FOUR LECTURES on "THE HISTORICAL DEVELOPMENT of EUROPE." On TUESDAYS May 3, 10, 17, 24.

Professor S. H. BUTCHER, LL.D., F.R.S., Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh.—TWO LECTURES on "LITERARY CRITICISM in GREECE." On TUESDAYS, May 31, June 7.

The Rev. Canon AINGER, M.A., LL.D.—THREE LECTURES on "SOME LEADERS in the POETIC REVIVAL of 1790-1820—COWPER, BURNS, and SCOTT." On THURSDAYS, April 21, 28, May 5.

The Right Hon. Lord RAYLEIGH, M.A., D.O.L., LL.D., F.R.S., M.R.C.P., Professor of Natural Philosophy, R.I.—THREE LECTURES on "HEAT." On THURSDAYS, May 12, 19, 26.

EDWARD E. KLEIN, M.D., F.R.S., Lecturer on Physiology at St. Bartholomew's Hospital.—TWO LECTURES on "MODERN METHODS and THEIR ACHIEVEMENTS in BACTERIOLOGY." On THURSDAYS, June 2, 9.

Sir WALTER PARATT, Mus. Doc., Master of the Queen's Music.—FOUR LECTURES on "PROGRAMME MUSIC" (with Musical Illustrations). On SATURDAYS, April 23, 30, May 7, 14.

J. ARTHUR THOMSON, Esq., M.A., Lecturer on Biology, School of Medicine, Edinburgh.—TWO LECTURES on "THE BIOLOGY of SPRING." On SATURDAYS, May 21, 28.

RICHARD CATON M.D., F.R.C.P.—TWO LECTURES on "THE TEMPLES and RITUAL of ASKLEPIOS at EPIDAURUS and ATHENS" (with Lantern Illustrations). On SATURDAYS, June 4, 11.

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The FRIDAY EVENING MEETINGS will be resumed on APRIL 22nd, at 9 p.m., when Mr. W. H. M. CHRISTIE, the Astronomer Royal, will give a Discourse on THE RECENT ECLIPSE. Successive Discourses will probably be given by Professor ANDREW GRAY, Mr. EDWARD A. MINCHIN, Professor W. A. TILDEN, the Right Hon. H. MADDEN, Lieutenant-General the Hon. Sir ANTHONY DE LA WRE, President of the Royal Society, PETTE, the Right Hon. Lord RAYLEIGH, and other Gentlemen. To these Meetings Members and their Friends only are admitted.

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ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON.

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CONTENTS.

REVIEWS:	PAGE
An Amateur Biographer	387
An Open Letter to Mr. W. H. Mellock	388
The Man of Mystery	389
A Poet Theorist	390
For Stamp Collectors	391
BRIEFER MENTION	391
THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT	393-396
NOTES AND NEWS	397
"THE SUNKEN BELL"	400
THE LONDON OF THE WRITERS: VII. DON JUAN IN LONDON	401
LIGHT VERSE	402
PURE FABLES	403
THE WEEK	406
THE BOOK MARKET	403
CORRESPONDENCE	404
BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED	405
BOOKS RECEIVED	406
Announcements	406

REVIEWS.

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"*Brief Lives*," chiefly of *Contemporaries*, set down by John Aubrey between the years 1669 and 1696. Edited by Andrew Clark, M.A. 2 vols. (Clarendon Press.)

WHEN that learned and voluminous, but most inaccurate writer, Anthony Wood, was engaged, about 1667, upon his *History of Oxford*, he received much assistance from Mr. John Aubrey, of Trinity College. Aubrey, with far less industry, was a scholar, or, rather, antiquarian, of Wood's own kidney. He was a Fellow of the newly established Royal Society, and inordinately proud of it. He was curious in all matters of scientific invention and archaeological research, and also in those *personalia* about writers great and small, which, according to the point of view, may be set down as literary history or as gossip. His own career had been a chequered one. The son of a good Wiltshire family, he had frittered away his estate in idleness and unprofitable schemes. Broken down in purse and health, he retained his lively interest in men and books and passed his time in the familiar companionship alike of grave scholars and of fashionable wits. Indifferently he haunted libraries and coffee-houses, scribbling a little, drinking more, talking most. His head and his note-books were crammed with reminiscences of the men he had known or seen, generally trivial, often scandalous. The *History of Oxford* finished, Anthony Wood turned to the even more considerable *Athenæ Oxonienses*. Aubrey seemed the very man for his purpose. He begged him to commit to writing anything that might be suitable for the projected series of biographical notices of Oxford "writers and bishops" since 1500, of which that work was to consist. Aubrey jumped at the proposal. He purchased some MS. books, wrote a famous name at the top of each page, and jotted down facts or what passed with him for facts under each, as he could recall them or gather them from the conversation of his friends. These memoranda he presently sent to Anthony Wood, and to them the *Athenæ* certainly

owes much of its life and colour, and not a little of its untrustworthiness. The thing led to a pretty quarrel between Wood and Aubrey. Aubrey meant to have his papers back, and to deposit them as a collection of importance in the Bodleian. They were freely written, and Wood was to make discreet use of them. Aubrey complained bitterly of the state in which they were returned, mutilated for the printer, and with libellous passages missing.

"Ingratitude!" he cries. "This part Mr. Wood hath gelded from p. 1 to p. 44. There are several papers that may cut my throat. He hath also embezzled the index of it. It was stich't up when I sent it to him."

We regret to add that Wood added insult to injury by speaking very slightly of Aubrey in the preface to the *Athenæ*.

Aubrey is not, of course, a serious biographer. With the exception of the long account of his friend Thomas Hobbes, of Malmesbury, which was written under different circumstances from the rest of the Lives, he has left nothing but brief fragments, a few pages, or even a few lines long. They are, moreover, hastily scribbled, disconnected, full of erasures, and of gaps which he intended to fill up when he could ask the man who knew. Moreover, he made it a principle not to write down what was already, so far as he knew, in print. What he does record is often demonstrably untrue, and the rest is, therefore, where it cannot be verified, unreliable. Nevertheless, with the exception, perhaps, of the singularly candid self-revelations left us by such naïve men as Benvenuto Cellini, Kenelm Digby, Herbert of Cherbury, there are few biographical works more interesting. Aubrey is interested in precisely those points which the serious biographer dismisses as not worth mention. He delights in quaint personal habits and eccentricities of character. He loves a racy story. He never forgets to tell you what a man looked like, what he wore, what he preferred to eat and drink. Of personal description he has the gift, though one may suspect here and there the satirical intention in the selection of features. "Raleigh" he says, "had a most remarkable aspect, an exceeding high forehead, long-faced, and sore eie-hidded, a kind of pigge-eie." And here is his vignette of Sir John Denham:

"He was of the tallest, but a little incurving at his shoulders, not very robust. His haire was but thin and flaxen, with a moist curle. His gate was slow, and was rather a stalking (he had long legges). His eie was a kind of goose-grey, not big; but it had a strange piercingness, not as to shining and glory, but (like a momus) when he conversed with you he lookt into your very thoughts."

Of course Aubrey is as scurrilous as he can be. If you believe him you must condemn "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother" as a very wanton. In his cynical reflections you behold scandals, as it were in the making. "Ben Jonson," he says, "had one eie lower than t'other, and bigger, like Clun, the player; perhaps he begott Clun." Of this quality in his gossip he seems to have been himself fully aware. "I here lay down to you," he tells Wood, "the naked and plain truth, which affords many

passages that would raise a blush in a young virgin's cheeke. So that after your perusal, I must desire you to make a castration, and to sowe-on some figge-leaves—i.e., to be my *Index expurgatorius*." Nor are his remarks always free from ill-nature. Speaking of his cousin, Harry Vaughan the poet, he observes that his father was "a coxcombe and no honester then he should be—he cosened me of 50^s once." And some personal rancour must surely underlie the following comprehensive comment on the manners of a gentleman curtly denominated as "Gwyn":

"A better instance of a squeamish and oblique, slighting, insolent, proud, fellow, perhaps cant be found then in . . . Gwin, the earl of Oxford's secretary. No reason satisfies him, but he overeenes and cutts some sower faces that would turne the milke in a faire ladie's breast."

Aubrey may fail in decency or in temper, but he rarely fails to be entertaining. Indeed, your gossip of parts generally does amuse. And Aubrey goes to his work with such gusto; he is so much interested himself in his little tit-bits of information, that, perforce, he carries you along with him. His task is a joy to him. "'Twill be a pretty thing," he writes to Wood, "and I am glad you putt me on to it. I doe it playingly"; and again, "After I had began it, I had such an impulse on my spirit that I could not be at quiet till I had donne it." His chief difficulty, indeed, was the morning headache consequent on his mode of life. "If I had but either one to come to me in a morning with a good scourge, or did not sitt-up till one or two with Mr. Wyld, I could doe a great deal of businesse." And for the social life of the seventeenth century, for the undress manners of the Caroline and Restoration writers, for the seamy side of a London against which the Puritan outcry was not unjustified, no better mirror than Aubrey's note-books can be desired. His facts may be distorted enough, but like the impressionist painters, he catches the atmosphere. Nor, of course, is the picture without its more pleasant passages. Aubrey has no wish to exaggerate his shadows or to leave out the high lights. He has much that is pleasant to record of his poets and scholars, generosity, genialities, devotions to causes and ideals, sweet tempers, honours bravely maintained. His very artlessness led him to depict the varied web of humanity truly as he saw it.

In the space of a brief review, to garner a tithe of Aubrey's good stories would be an impossible thing. Two or three specimens may serve to illustrate his manner and to send readers to the fountain-head. Jovial Bishop Corbet was a famous Oxford character, and the common-rooms supplied Aubrey with many a jest of him.

"His conversation was extreme pleasant. Dr. Stubbins was one of his cronies: he was a jolly fatt Dr. and a very good house-keeper; parson of Ambrosden in Oxfordshire. As Dr. Corbet and he were riding in Lob-lane in wet weather ('tis an extraordinary deepe dirty lane) the coach fell, and Dr. Corbet sayd that Dr. Stubbins was up to the elbowes in mud, he was up to the elbowes in Stubbins.

One time, as he was confirming, the country people pressing in to see the ceremonie, sayd

he, 'Beare-off there, or I'll confirme yee with my staffe.' Another time having to lay his hand on the head of a man very bald, he turns to his chaplaine (Lushington) and sayd, 'Some dust, Lushington' (to keep his hand from slipping). There was a man with a great venerable beard; sayd the bishop, 'You, behind the beard.'

His chaplaine, Dr. Lushington, was a very learned and ingeniouse man, and they loved one another. The bishop sometimes would take the key of the wine-cellar, and he and his chaplaine would goe and lock themselves in and be merry. Then first he layes downe his episcopall hat—'There goes the Dr.' Then he puttis of his gowne—'There lyeth the Bishop.' Then 'twas 'Here's to thee, Corbet,' and 'Here's to thee, Lushington.'

Aubrey's MSS., or what Wood had left of them, were deposited in the Bodleian. From them a portion of the Lives were printed by Philip Bliss in 1813. The present handsome edition is the first complete one that has appeared. Those who know Mr. Clark's work for the Oxford Historical Society will not need to be told that it is a model of what a well-edited book of the kind should be. With the exception of a few quite impossible passages, Mr. Clark has printed the MSS. just as they stand, only re-arranging them so as to get the names into alphabetical order and to collect all the passages that refer to the same name together. A comparison with Dr. Bliss's edition shows not only that many of the Lives are altogether new, but also that to those previously printed many corrections and additions have been made. Much of the new material—for instance, the Key to Sidney's Arcadia, sent to Aubrey by a correspondent and inserted as it stood among his papers—well deserves the attention of biographers and literary historians.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MR. W. H. MALLOCK.

MY DEAR SIR,—Though I am personally unknown to you, yet I venture to address you in this letter because you were one of my earliest enthusiasms. As the author of *The New Republic* you seemed to my youthful imagination the most brilliant, the most trenchant of satirists, and, looking back down the vista of years, I can still find, in this your earliest volume, the promise of a keen observer, a sound thinker, and a writer of much polish and brilliancy. I am not sure whether that promise has been altogether fulfilled, but it was certainly there. There is a story, probably untrue, that the late Prof. Jowett said of you, disparagingly, that you would never do anything more than write a second-rate novel. You replied with *The New Republic*, in which, under the name of Dr. Jenkinson, you so happily ridiculed the late Master of Balliol and his foibles, the man who could not be offered a bishopric because, "though it would be a great compliment to learning, it would be a grievous insult to God." Nothing that you have done since in fiction has come up to that book in merit. You have attempted greater things, and no doubt

the attempt must always count for something; but the world, after all, can only judge by achievement, and in no other book have you achieved the same indisputable and startling triumph. Other men have written similar satirical sketches in which contemporary characters have been held up to ridicule. The name of Thomas Love Peacock at once suggests itself. Mr. Hichens, to take a modern example, had a considerable success with his *Green Carnation*, and it would be easy to recall other instances, but in this particular line your *New Republic* seems to me easily first. Every character in it, Matthew Arnold, Pater, Jowett, Huxley, Tyndal, Pusey, Clifford (but especially the first three), is sketched with a master hand,—

"All his faults observed
Set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote,"

as Cassius says, and that surely, though not in itself a very good-natured proceeding, is a valuable accomplishment in a writer in this *genre*. At the same time I cannot wonder that the friends of these gentlemen nourished considerable resentment toward you for so admirably pillorying their follies and vanities.

But *The New Republic*, you may say, was a youthful indiscretion, brilliant, no doubt, but in its nature essentially impermanent. And you will probably prefer to be judged by your later and more ambitious writings. Leaving out of account, then, that rather amusing skit, *The New Paul and Virginia*, which followed your first success, your work falls into three divisions. First of all there are the novels—*A Romance of the Nineteenth Century*, *A Human Document*, and the rest. These have, I know, many readers, and, I am willing to believe, many admirers. But I, alas! am unable to avow myself an admirer too. I admit their cleverness. Indeed, it would be impossible to deny it. Your work, even at its least successful, is always clever. I admit that they may fairly claim to rank, artistically, in a different category from the mass of merely successful Circulating Library fiction. But—the murder must out—I find them dull. This is, I fear, the besetting sin of the psychological novel, and you, as it seems to me, have been unable to escape it. Even your wit has failed to save you.

After your novels your poems. I remember some years ago seeing a volume of these advertised at the preposterous price (was it not?) of eight shillings and promptly ordering them. You see, I was still hypnotised by the glamour of *The New Republic*. I remembered one or two passages of occasional verse contained in it which displayed distinct ability, if no great inspiration, while the parody of Matthew Arnold's dreamy rhymeless verse displayed at least some mastery over technique. But your poems were disappointing. There was no "stuff" in them. They were full of echoes of things which I seemed to have read elsewhere. "By many a name, in many a creed, they had called upon me," as Mr. Swinburne sings, and their vellum cover and sumptuous amplitude of margin could not atone for the want of originality and force they enshrined. The poems were

the "thin keen sounds of dead men's speech." They had nothing new to offer, nothing save a fair standard of metrical excellence, and a fair discrimination in the use of language. In a word, they were "minor" poetry, and minor poets, alas! are not uncommon.

You will say that it is very rude of me, your unknown correspondent, to damn your novels (except *The New Republic*) and your verse with this faint praise, but there is still another department of your work which remains to be spoken of, and of that I can write with very much greater favour. After the powder, the jam; after the *Human Document* and the poems, I come to those sociological and philosophical writings of yours which I always read with pleasure for their clearness of thought and precision of statement. The earliest of these is, of course, *Is Life Worth Living?*—a suggestive and, at times, brilliant re-handling of an old question. That it provides a conclusive answer to the pessimist, who is always with us, I should be sorry to assert; but while it sets forth with strict fairness the strength of the pessimist position, it, at the same time, points out where those who wish may find an escape from it. But I must really hasten to your latest work—*Aristocracy and Evolution**—or if I do not, this letter will have come to a close before I reach it. And that would be to omit all mention of one of your most successful and, at the same time, most characteristic works. As an attack on the blunders of the modern Socialist—his want of intellectual clarity and his inability to grasp the stern facts of practical life—it is quite admirable. Its title, I fear, is somewhat misleading. By aristocracy, the vulgar are apt to understand merely what are called the "upper classes"—to wit, the House of Lords and perhaps the baronetage. Your "aristocracy," on the contrary, is what I may call the Aristocracy of Intellect and the Aristocracy of Energy—in other words, all those persons who, by pre-eminent mental gifts, or pre-eminent organising or stimulating or business faculties, become the leaders of their fellow-men. You christen your theory, in fact, "The Great Man Theory"; and your position is, that the real causes of progress in the world are these intellectual, social and industrial master minds who alone are able to lead the mass of their fellow-men in the way they should go. The Socialists, on the contrary, as we all know, love to speak of these "leaders" of ours as created by society rather than creating it. According to their creed the capitalists are not men who have been the cause of great advances in industry and commerce, and incidentally have reaped their reward for this, but robbers who, by superior astuteness, have contrived to appropriate to themselves the major part of the benefits of achievements which are due solely to the working classes. In this book you have no difficulty in showing that, so far from this being the case, the working classes might have gone on toiling through the centuries without materially hastening the march of progress were it not for the

* *Aristocracy and Evolution*. By W. H. Mallock. (A. & C. Black.)

"leaders," the "great men," the "Aristocracy" of industry who directed their labours. This is the main thesis of your book, and you have expounded it most luminously. And in these days we hear so much of the Man being the product of his Age that it is as well that we should be reminded, as you remind us, in clear language, that the Age is in at least as true a sense the product of the Man. Shakespeare was, in a sense, the product of the age of Elizabeth with its triumphs and adventures, its stimulating moral and intellectual atmosphere. But have not subsequent ages been, in some of their aspects, the product of Shakespeare? The great man is influenced by his age, but he moves his age also, and any social philosophy which ignores this, and pretends that social and intellectual progress springs from the multitude, and not from those who lead the multitude, is demonstrably fallacious. Men are infinitely various, and it is absurd to treat them, even for the sake of argument, as all alike.

I have only touched upon what seems to me the chief point in your book, but there are many other matters which I would speak of did space allow. In particular, I would refer, with admiration, to the vivid illustrations with which you accompany your argument, and the flashes of wit with which you lighten up your subject. But of these things there is no time to speak now, and your readers must discover them for themselves.—Believe me, your sincere admirer,

Y.

THE MAN OF MYSTERY.

The Life of Napoleon III. By Archibald Forbes, LL.D. With 37 Illustrations. (Chatto & Windus.)

It is difficult to believe that any man, save a flunkey, should find the career of the second Napoleon, commonly called the Third, of an inspiring quality; and the wonted briskness and *brio* of the style of Mr. Archibald Forbes have not been proof against the radical meanness and squalor of his subject. Never before have we encountered Mr. Forbes in so wordy, so politic, so portentously solemn a mood as in this *Life*; and never before have we found him failing to write with whole-hearted vigour and nervous snap, and to hit straight from the shoulder. It may be that years have taught him tediousness and circumlocution; but we prefer to believe it is a temporary effect imposed by the dead-weight of his subject. From the outset we are sadly impressed with the phenomenon. We come upon such crab-like, cumbrous, and ineffectual sentences as this: Queen Hortense "dreaded a repetition in the Eternal City of those bloody tragedies which near the close of the previous century had made of Paris a human shambles," which, of course, simply means "a repetition in Rome of the horrors of the French Revolution." By the former mode of expression there is no gain save in portentousness and a sham kind of rhetorical

dignity—as when one would call a "spade" an "implement of husbandry." There is, indeed, not only so much of the "implement of husbandry" style in the earlier chapters, but also so careful and gingerly a step among debatable matters, and withal so deferential an air of impressment and courtliness (as when, in the episode of escape from Italy, we are told with astonishment and admiration that "Prince Louis, the future Emperor of the French, in the dress of a flunkey, slept on a stone bench out in the open until at length horses were procured") that we are tempted to wonder whether Mr. Forbes had not undertaken to write this *Life of Napoleon III.* under lofty and distinguished patronage. But that impression wears off; and, although Mr. Forbes continues tedious and portentous until near the end, when he treats of familiar matters of military action, we are convinced he has done his utmost to compile a true history of the little Emperor, and not merely to achieve an apology for his life.

It must be admitted that it is difficult to be both fair and effective in writing of Louis Napoleon, who was at the same time so much less and so much better than he seemed, so much less a hero or personage and so much better a man. Mr. Forbes most conscientiously chooses the way of entire fairness, so far as it can be attained. He condemns equally the vehement and vitriolic abuse of Kinglake, and the turgid panegyric of Blanchard Jerrold, while he utterly ignores the windy anathemas and predictions of Victor Hugo. He chooses early to endorse the opinion of Louis Blanc. This is what he says on p. 61:

"Louis Blanc, with rare perspicuity, has thus described the character of the Prince at the opening of his active career: 'To be insensible and patient; to care for nothing but the end in view; to dissemble; not to expend one's daring on mere projects, but to reserve it for action; to urge men to devotedness without putting implicit faith in them; to seem strong in order to be so; such, in the egotistical and vulgar meaning of the phrase, is the genius of the ambitious. Now, Prince Louis possessed scarcely any of the constituent elements of that genius, whether good or evil. His easily moved sensibility exposed him unarmed to the spurious officiousness of subalterns. Through haste or good nature he often erred in his judgment of men. The impetuosity of his aspirations deceived him or hurried him away. Endowed with a natural straightforwardness injurious to his designs, he exhibited in curious combination the elevation of soul that loves the truth and the weakness of which flatterers take advantage. He was prodigal of himself to augment the number of his partisans. In a word, he possessed neither the art of husbanding his resources nor that of dexterously exaggerating their importance.'"

That must seem to-day a very generous estimate, for the sole remarkable thing about "Prince Louis" was his belief in the Napoleonic ideas. (Was not his favourite phrase "les idées Napoléoniennes"? and did he not write a book about them?) That belief made him not only respectable but formidable; for he held to it as salvation both for France and for himself with the tenacity and fervour of a religious enthusiast. Without it he would have been merely a completely amiable, undistinguished, and

innocuous little man, with a languorous interest in art and literature, and an active pursuit of strange women and obscure superstitions, as befitted his origin—half Italian, half Creole. It is hard now to believe that for years he was known as "The Man of Mystery," and was the puzzle and the terror of European cabinets, and that the dread of him provoked our Volunteer movement.

The two unsuccessful attempts of Prince Louis to impose himself upon France as the heir and agent of the Napoleonic Ideas made him the laughing-stock of Europe; and no wonder. The first attempt—that on Strasburg in 1836—was conceived and carried out in the spirit of comic opera; indeed, a comic opera for stage production, if as fantastic, must be something more feasible and coherent. Mr. Forbes, in narrating it, forgets the dignity he has imposed upon himself, is compelled to write with a kind of reluctance, and rudely describes the Prince's proclamation as "bunkum." Concerning this predestined fiasco Kinglake, "the virulent enemy [says Mr. Forbes] of Louis Napoleon," remarks:

"In some of its features this attempt was a graver business than was generally supposed. At that time Louis Napoleon was twenty-eight years old." [And, therefore, presumably beyond the age of mere fantasy and comic opera.] . . . "The men [of the 46th regiment], taken entirely by surprise, were told that the person now introduced to them was their Emperor. What they saw was a young man with the bearing and countenance of a weaver" [why weaver?] "—a weaver oppressed by long hours of monotonous indoor work, which makes the body stoop, and keeps the eyes downcast; but all the while—and yet it was broad daylight—this young man, from hat to boot, was standing dressed up in the historic costume of the man of Marengo and Austerlitz. . . . But by and by Tallandier, the colonel of the regiment, having been at length apprised of what was going on, came into the yard. . . . In a moment the Prince succumbed to the Colonel. . . . One of the ornaments which the Prince wore was a sword; yet without striking a blow he suffered himself to be publicly stripped of his grand cordon of the Legion of Honour, and of all his other decorations. . . . Louis Napoleon could not alter his nature, and his nature was to be venturesome beforehand, but to be so violently awakened and shocked by the actual contact of danger as to be left without the spirit and, seemingly, without the wish or motives for going on any further with the part of a desperado. . . . The moment he encountered the shock of the real world, he stopped dead; and becoming suddenly quiet, harmless, and obedient, surrendered himself to the first firm man who touched him."

"These be very bitter words," but there is a point of view from which they are fully justified, and that is the point of view of the average insular Englishman, who neither understands nor cares to understand the nature and phenomena of a "foreigner"—the point of view, in short, of Mr. Kinglake, "the virulent enemy of Louis Napoleon." These (and many more) are the words concerning the Strasburg episode of one who was a "virulent enemy," according to Mr. Forbes's own accusation, and yet all he can find to say in rebuke of them is, "The diagnosis is actually vitriolic in its bitterness, but it loses much of its venom because

of its obvious and, indeed, undisguised animus." And the voice is neither that of a partisan nor of a good advocate. The second attempt, that on Boulogne in 1840, was perhaps more extravagantly and fantastically contrived and conducted than the first. Concerning it Mr. Forbes makes no comment at all. He contents himself with a full narrative of the episode, and adds the criticism of Kinglake, with the bare remark that it is "very biting."

It is thus plain that Mr. Forbes is no thick-and-thin apologist and admirer of Napoleon III., though he palpably dislikes to be forced to confess, now and then, that he stood in a mean or a ridiculous situation. On the other hand, he defends him where defence has been rare and condemnation general. In this country in 1851 there was scarcely a man of repute or knowledge to be found who would excuse the *coup d'état* that changed Louis Napoleon from Prince-President of the French Republic into absolute monarch of France: the insult to representative assemblies seemed so gross and the destruction of life and deprivation of freedom in the "days of December" seemed so wanton. But at this time of day the point of view is somewhat changed. Even in the land of "the Mother of Parliaments" we no longer have the old respect for talking-shops, nor the old patience with vain and tedious gentlemen who drown in floods of babble the precious hours that should be devoted to necessary matters of order and government; nor do we think that the persons of factious parliamentarians, who were ready if they got the chance to play a similar game to Louis Napoleon's, were especially sacred. We cannot but agree with Mr. Forbes that the French Assembly deserved the treatment it received—to be turned out as Cromwell turned out the Long Parliament; and we cannot pretend any sympathy with the self-seeking notable gentlemen who were arrested and kept a while in durance; least of all with the contemptible little Thiers, who, twenty years later, became President of the Republic. Louis Napoleon was no Cromwell; but it was with him as has been said of a well-known actor-manager of to-day: "He is not much, but he knows how to surround himself." Louis Napoleon had the faculty, in those early and more alert days, of surrounding himself; and of those by whom he was surrounded there was no abler nor more astute counsellor and agent than his half-brother, the Duc de Morny, the first patron of the late Alphonse Daudet, and the De Mora of *Le Nabab*.

Some critics have made it a reproach against Mr. Archibald Forbes that this *Life of Napoleon III.* is but a compilation. Yet it is hard to guess what else it should be, for recent French research has not been so rewarded with discovery as to tempt a foreigner to grub in original archives, even if they were accessible. Moreover, it is impossible that there is now anything to discover which can either raise or depress Napoleon III. from his recognised position as a well-meaning and amiable man, but a weak, timid, and ineffectual monarch. His kind has been common enough even in our own country; it has

been loved and cherished at the fireside, but hooted and hustled from the throne. Mr. Forbes, as we have said, has not written this history of his public life with any enthusiasm, nor even (it seems to us) with much liking, but, all the same, his volume is such a useful compendium as has not been hitherto accessible.

Do but enlarge their empire by your ban!
Think of those stormy spirits as reeds of choice

Plucked by a fictive Deity that wrought
Tumultuous pipes for his great organ-voice,
Teasing life's every fibre to the thought.

Ye, whose mechanic plan
Would mend the bungling of this artisan,
Con these last leaves; and, as blessed eyes discern

The all-conquering sunshine, learn,
The poet yet may purify the man?"

"The auroral sympathies" is a phrase that lingers, and the only thing we do not quite like is the running over of the sense from the first to the second stanza. Surely so long and elaborate a stanza-form may claim its progression by unities!

There is some fine austere writing in "The Ordered House," of which the larger part is a Stoic monologue by Brutus after Philippi. Here, too, Mr. Bond prefers an elaborate metre, and handles it with skill and distinction. This stanza, for instance, has its authentic dignity, and there are many as good:

"Hast thou not oft from some disastrous hour
Plucked such an issue as redeemed the field?
Can't thou not fashion from defeat a power
That mocks the victory of spear and shield?
If to our rude assault shall never yield
The fortress of thine unascended sky,
In sorrow shall the conquest be revealed,
In sacrifice the race their bliss desirous,
And catch through mist of tears the blaze of Deity."

And finally, these beautiful lines were written as a "Swan Song" for Webster's noble and intimate tragedy, "The Duchess of Malfi":

"Pass gently, Life!
As one that takes farewell of a dear friend:
For ne'er till now were thou and I at strife,
Nor shall the sequel lend
The rich succession of thy smile and tear,
The conquering pride of love that tramples
fear

And vaunts itself a rapture without end!
But mine is weariness thou canst not mend.

Come, kindly Death!
Unweave for tired hands the tangled plot!
To thy forgetful palace entereth
None to ask heriot
No hope and no regret—but ever, there,
Passes the slumbrous waft of poppied air
O'er happy multitudes that have forgot:
Angel, I would be sleeping—tarry not!"

It is scholarly poetry, you see; meditative, interpretative, by no means strident. Mr. Bond defers legitimately to great masters; there is an Elizabethan note here, a note of Shelley there. The strongest individual influence is probably that of Matthew Arnold, and for the perpetuation of the Arnoldian tradition in English poetry we must always confess gratitude.

"He, too, confessed the auroral sympathies:
Afar through mist of triumph and of tears
He caught their paradisal gleam, and
saved

A quiet remnant from his strenuous years:
To Nature, wife, and child returning
braved

The petty calamities,

The peevish scorns, the looks precise that
freeze

A wandering heart come back to wonted
ways.

But witlessly ye raise,

Dear fools! your eyebrow of contempt, for
these

FOR STAMP COLLECTORS.

The Stamp Collector. By W. J. Hardy and E. D. Bacon. (George Redway.)

This volume follows Mr. Hazlitt's *The Coin Collector* and Mr. Wedmore's *Fine Prints* in the "Collector Series." Taken together the three books are a guarantee of the worth of the series. In one respect Messrs. Hardy and Bacon's book introduces a new note; its subject is acutely modern. Coins and prints have been collected for ages; but the first postage stamp was struck less than sixty years ago, and many of the first philatelists are living. Mr. E. von der Breek, the Russian collector, who has a claim to be the father of the hobby, began collecting in 1854, and is still at work on his albums. On the whole, it is clear that stamp collecting had its wayward beginnings about 1855. In 1860 Mme. Nicolas's shop in the Rue Tarbout, Paris, became a rendezvous for dealers; in 1862 the first English guide to stamp-collecting was published in London; and a few years later stamp-dealing became general enough to be ridiculed in the press and recognised in the Directory. Messrs. Hardy and Bacon scarcely trust themselves to write about those languid sixties. To have been a collector then!—that is the sigh of every collector now. After 1866 the mania lessened. It was but gathering its force for an astonishing advance. Since 1870 stamp-collecting has become the basis of a trade, the hobby of princes and millionaires, and the solace of tens of thousands of pettier men.

Soon, indeed, the world could not revolve fast enough on its axis for the philatelist. A chapter of this book is devoted to "Stamps made for Collectors"—stamps, that is to say, which have been called into being, not to be useful, but to be gummed into albums. The industry still flourishes; and our authors quote the following precious letter, written from Borneo by the agent of a stamp-collecting firm, and dated "Labuan, March 30, 1895":

"I have just come back from Brunei, having gone to see the Sultan and Postmaster about your business principally. Let me explain that it was I who suggested to the Sultan that he should issue stamps, and I have arranged the whole thing. He and his Postmaster have no idea of the way to conduct any business. I assure you that the delay in sending the stamps to you is caused by the illness of the Postmaster's wife—at least one of his wives. In the meantime the post-office is shut."

But stamp-making of this kind is now pretty effectually discouraged.

We cannot trace the march of stamp-collecting as it is detailed by Messrs. Hardy and Bacon. Our authors are thorough; and the chapters entitled "Art in Postage Stamps," "Stamps with Stories," "Local Stamps," and "The Stamp Market" are full of interest. The book is hardly a guide to stamp collecting. Messrs. Hardy and Bacon greet the would-be collector with a wise and weary smile. They do, indeed, descend to the plodding, interested collector (the "less opulent collector," they call him), but the book ends with staggering price-lists, and descriptions of the collections of a Rothschild and a prince of the blood.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Some Welsh Children. By the Author of *Fraternity*. (Elkin Mathews.)

IT would not be easy for the least impressionable to read the ten sketches comprised in this pretty volume without submitting to their fascination. Perfumed with humour and melancholy, they proceed from a mind in retreat from a world that has grown dull and stale. The nursery myths of Jack Frost and Betty Snow, of Morris the wind (perhaps), and of the monstrous house sprite, Evanrodenawc; the persistent inexplicable impressions derived from the nursery bookshelf; the mysterious properties of nursery toys and nursery furniture—all these are explored with such delicacy and sincerity that the sympathetic reader lives for some brief moments in the child's world of make-believe. Perhaps the most charming chapter of all is that which treats of "The Little Brothers." There had been born into this family of girls a little brother, but "God had taken him away from us because we were not 'worthy,' our mother had given us to understand."

"It was impossible to feel much warmth of sisterly affection for this spotless being. And while we felt the slight implied to ourselves, we fully concurred in our secret hearts with the wisdom which had ordained his removal from our midst. We knew well enough that we were no fit companions for immaculate purity. But we liked the distinction conferred by an angel brother, and heaven was the right place for him."

At last there came a little brother who did succeed in developing, from a disappointing stage of mottles, wrinkles, and baldness, into a very human and charming child. He occasionally had a difficulty in squaring matters with his father:

"Master Richard consoled himself for his defeat by making special mention of papa in his evening prayer in loud and unctuous tones. 'Grant, O Lord, that my dear father may be forgiven for his sinful temper this day, and give him grace to control his passion; soften his heart, O Lord,' &c."

Imagine the feelings of this same parent when, being introduced to the bedside of a relative sick unto death, the child broke eagerly forth: "May I go to your funeral, please? Do ask papa to promise to take me to your funeral." But this attraction towards the more solemn rites of religious service, unhappily, was not accompanied by such rigid orthodoxy as you might expect:

"When Richard heard of the terrible fate which overtook the laughing children who mocked Elisha's baldness, he hesitated long between incredulity and indignation.

His sympathies were naturally entirely with the children. 'It was too bad!' he declared with great disgust.

And the history of Ananias and Sapphira . . . only seemed to anger him against the Apostles.

'Peter hadn't been so very good himself,' he gloomily remarked. Then going to the root of the matter, after a moment's reflection: 'Jesus would never have done that!'

One cannot but rejoice to learn that this prematurely critical habit in no way troubled

his confidence as to the allotment of his own semipertinal mansion; for the child never grew up:

"He knew no fear.

"It does seem strange that I should die when there were so many old people in the village," he said half-wonderingly; 'I should think they will be surprised to see me in heaven before Papa. You had better send down to the village to ask if anyone has any message they would like me to take for them. It's a good thing I can speak Welsh.'

We have quoted enough, we hope, to engage interest in a book which has real charm.

The Women of Homer. By Walter Copeland Perry. (Heinemann.)

MR. PERRY addresses himself primarily to those ignorant of Greek. After a brief general discussion of the "Homeric question," he describes the position of woman in Homeric civilisation, and proceeds to a study of the individual female types—divine, semi-divine, and human—painted in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. It is a good subject, more especially in view of the recent paradoxical theory put forward by Mr. Samuel Butler, that the very author of the *Odyssey* was a woman. But we cannot profess to be pleased with the way in which Mr. Perry has treated it. To rehandle the criticism of Homer, after what has already been written, requires some subtlety of touch, and this Mr. Perry has not got. He means well, but he fails to catch the right accent. Instead of being simple, he is banal and commonplace, and his attempts to write brightly, and even humorously, only succeed in setting our teeth on edge. It is suburban, surely, to speak of Hecuba as turned into a "female dog," or, after stating that Homeric "marriage was a matter of arrangement and barter between the suitor and his intended father-in-law," to comment in a footnote, "How different from our own matrimonial arrangements, in which love and merit alone decide!" But for the infelicity of its manner, the book would be useful. Mr. Perry knows his archaeology, and explains it carefully. The English reader will not, however, understand why Ibycus sneered at the Spartan women as φαινομηδες without a translation. There are numerous illustrations, not all remarkable for their relevance; and in an appendix Mr. Perry adopts the ingenious, but untrustworthy, views of the late Mr. Benecke on the treatment of women in later Greek literature.

Side Lights on Siberia. By James Young Simpson. (Wm. Blackwood & Sons.)

MR. SIMPSON journeyed in Siberia in the summer of 1896 with a quick eye; and he has made a book of nearly four hundred pages out of his experiences. The note of it is the imminence of the great Siberian iron road from Russia to Vladivostok. It is clear that in this country we have not formed a just conception of this stupendous engineering work. But Mr. Simpson has come, seen, and—been conquered. He writes:

"When in the years to come men review the greater undertakings of the nineteenth century,

it will be hard to find a rival to the Trans-Siberian Railway. Winding across the illimitable plains of Orenburg, traversing the broad Urals, spanning the widest rivers, like the Irtish, Ob, and Yenisei, it creeps round the southern end of Lake Baikal, and mounts the plateau of far Trans-Baikalia. Thereafter, leaving behind it the Yablonovoi Mountains, the line descends into the valley of the Amur, exchanges it presently for that of the Ussuri, and ends at last in Vladivostok."

Such is the inspiring route of a railway which is twice as long as that which joins New York and San Francisco, and traverses a country inhabited by peoples that know not each other. All the more interesting by reason of the coming change is the account given of the well organised Siberian post system. Mr. Simpson describes its working in detail. Here is a part of the picture :

" Among ordinary passengers, the claim to horses at any station is decided by the order of arrival. The passage of the post is the one great hindrance to the eager traveller, as it leaves so many empty stalls behind it, and everyone must give precedence to it. Tables are hung upon the station wall showing when it is timed to reach that particular halting-place; hence the postmaster's know exactly when to expect it, and for three hours before reserve the required number of horses. Moreover, the complement of horses kept at each station averages twenty-one, so the feelings of the traveller may be imagined when he sees the post drive in, consisting, as it often does, of five *tarantases* in charge of one or two armed officials. This means fifteen at least of the available stock swept away at once, and, if the station is crowded, there are heartburnings as one or two favoured individuals drive off with the remaining teams."

We have not space to follow Mr. Simpson into the penal settlements. He traversed the convicts' country and examined the convict life thoroughly. What we wish to note is that Mr. Simpson was led to the definite conclusion, on evidence supplied by the convicts themselves, that "the present condition of the political exiles is not so bad as many would have us believe."

Evolutional Ethics and Animal Psychology.
By E. P. Evans. (Heinemann.)

The interest of this book is primarily an ethical, rather than a psychological one. Mr. Evans desires to combat the view taken by scholastic philosophy, that as animals have no "souls" there cannot be, strictly, any moral duties towards them. The theory is not so paradoxical as it seems, because there may be a duty to act kindly towards animals without its being precisely a duty "to" the animal. Mr. Evans seems to have somewhat imperfectly grasped this distinction, and no doubt it is true that the belief that animals were made solely "for the use of man" has had its corollaries of practical brutality. Surely, however, Mr. Evans is overstating his case when he says of kindness to animals, that "no treatise or pastoral theology ever touches this topic, nor is it ever made the theme of a discourse from the pulpit, or of systematic instruction in the Sunday-school." We cannot answer for the Sunday-schools, but the following passage from a circular issued by the Education Department with regard to the instruc-

tion of day-schools lies before us as we write : "Good object-teaching develops a love of nature and an interest in living things, and corrects the tendency which exists in many children to destructiveness and thoughtless unkindness to animals, and shows the ignorance and cruelty of such conduct." It is, of course, true that the exclusion of animals from moral rights is inconsistent with the more extreme evolutionary psychology, for which the human consciousness does not differ in kind from the types of animal consciousness out of which it is conceived as being evolved. The bulk of Mr. Evans's book consists of a survey of animal consciousness from this point of view. He attempts to minimise the barrier between the animal and human self, criticises Prof. Max Müller's theory that this barrier is to be found in the capacity for articulate speech, and searches among animals for rudiments of aesthetic and even religious sentiment. Animals, he says, "are amenable to rewards and punishments, doing the will and seeking to win the favour of superior beings, on whom they are dependent, propitiating and fawning upon them, creeping and grovelling on the ground in abject adoration, in order to assuage their anger or to secure their kind regard." Well, if this is the religious sentiment, no doubt animals have it : to us it reads like a parody. Granted the general standpoint of his psychology, in our opinion a thoroughly false one, Mr. Evans has written an interesting and, on the whole, a well-reasoned book, and a book not devoid of entertainment. Some of his examples of the excess of sentiment towards animals are delightful : the lady, for instance, who advertised for "well-mannered and well-dressed children to be employed for several hours each day to amuse a sickly cat"; and Cardinal Bellarmine, who used to let bugs and other insects bite him undisturbed, on the plea that "we shall have heaven to reward us for our temporal sufferings, but these poor creatures have nothing to look forward to except the enjoyment of the present life." For some of Mr. Evans's animal stories we should ourselves desire very exact verification before using them for argumentative purposes : they have a suspicious resemblance to those which Balliol undergraduates used to send, and for all we know, still send to the *Spectator*. And Mr. Evans ought not to have quoted the statements of Mr. R. L. Garner, since he shows in a note that he is perfectly well aware of the probability that Mr. R. L. Garner is not in authority.

The Highlands of Scotland in 1750. From MS. 104 in the King's Library, British Museum. With an Introduction by Andrew Lang. (Blackwood.)

THAT convenient abstraction, the general reader, in spite of tourist-tickets, yachting cruises, and deer forests, still views the Western Islands and the Hill Country through the glamour of time and poetry. For he has trodden those showy solitudes with Vich Ian Vohr, Rob Roy, and Alan Breck Stewart, and trudged many a mountain mile beside the stirrup of Dr. Johnson, high chief of Island Isa. But the author of *The Highlands of Scotland in 1750*

went on his way unaccompanied by even an imagination. Indeed, an imagination was not required of him, for Mr. Lang, in a learned critical Introduction, tells us that he was probably a "Court Trusty," named Bruce, who was employed in 1749 to survey the forfeited and other estates, and to suggest schemes of reform in the interests of the Black Cockade. In a word, "the dog was a Whig," and, of course, performed his task in a violently congenial fashion. Here are no intimate pictures of manners, such as are to be enjoyed in Burt's *Letters from the North of Scotland*, or in Johnson, Scott, and Boswell ; but an ordered array of plain statements, relating principally to the localities of the tribes, the names and characters of their chiefs, their disposition towards the Hanoverian Government, and the numbers of their fighting men. On most of these points the writer appears to be well-informed ; but his estimate of the Highland strength on a war-footing at 220,000 claymores is, as Mr. Lang notes, enormously above that of the Gartmore MS., which places it at 57,500 men, a figure which Scott, who owned the MS., puts into the mouth of Bailie Nichol Jarvie. On the whole, the book is certainly one to be possessed by those especially interested in its subject, and it may be usefully compared with the volumes of Browne and Skene. But it is curious to observe that Bruce is so utterly prejudiced against the military spirit when it is displayed by the Hill-men that he finds no better word than "madness" to describe the heroism of the Macleans at Inverkeithing. He adds that, "tho' none but the Refuse and Gleanings of them went to the Battle of Culloden, yet no Clan lost near their Proportion, for of 240, most of their officers and above 160 of their men were left Dead upon the Field." Upon which one says with Boswell : "The very Highland names, or the sound of a bagpipe, stir my blood, and fill me with a mixture of melancholy and respect for courage."

Cassell's Family Lawyer. By a Barrister-at-Law. (Cassell & Co.)

THIS is a reference book of more than 1,100 pages. The author's aim, however, has been to make the book readable and informing, even to the man who has no anxious need to consult its pages. What he very properly does not aim at is to instruct laymen how to conduct actions. The functions of the book are precisely analogous to those of a household medical book, with the difference that whereas the study of a book of medicine is apt to generate imaginary ailments, the study of this *Family Lawyer* will scarcely rouse the spirit of litigation. Cromwell described the law as "an ungodly jumble." Here it appears by no means as a jumble, but as an everyday mentor and philosopher. We have chapters devoted to "Husband and Wife," "Parent and Child," "The Householder," "The Landlord," "Wills," "The Franchise," "The Law of the Workman," "Agents," "Bills, Notes, and Cheques," and so on *ad infinitum*. A bland introduction and a copious index complete a work of undoubtedly usefulness.

THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1898.

THE NEWEST FICTION.

A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

CROSS TRAILS.

BY VICTOR WAITE.

"Mad with pain, he caught one man by the arm and swung him round, dashing his head against the wall with a sickening crunch. At the same time he hurled the second man from him with a kick. Then, with a bellow like that of an angry bull, he picked up a little one-legged table that stood by the bed, and fell upon his assailants. The first man dropped with a fractured skull." Such is Mr. Waite's happy way. The story is of adventurous men, in South America and Australia, and of hidden treasure, and treachery and assassination, and love and strength, and every page is entralling. A godsend to a schoolboy. (Methuen. 456 pp. 6s.)

THE HONOURABLE PETER STIRLING.

BY PAUL LEICESTER FORD.

This is the novel of Transatlantic politics which Americans have been buying to the extent of thirty-five thousand copies. We might quote the reply given by the editor of the *New York Times' Literary Supplement* to the reader who asks if it is true that the character of Peter Stirling is based on that of Mr. Grover Cleveland: "Mr. Ford was appealed to and asked if the character of Senator Maguire was not taken from Senator Hill and that of Peter Stirling from that of Mr. Cleveland, but Mr. Ford remains non-committal." (Hutchinson & Co. 417 pp. 6s.)

KING CIRCUMSTANCE.

BY EDWIN PUGH.

Twelve short stories by the author of that clever novel, *The Man of Straw*. Gathered from various magazines and newspapers, they do not all conspicuously reflect Mr. Pugh's studies of London life, many of the stories being rural in their setting; but this is not the case with "Bettles: a Cockney Ishmael," which opens in a down-East public-house, where the smell of Thames mud is perceptible. "The Inevitable Thing" is another story of low London life. (Heinemann. 303 pp. 6s.)

PELICAN HOUSE, E.C.

BY B. B. WEST.

Open this story where one will, amounts of money greet the eye. The story is satirical of City doings, and particularly of the Honi Soit Qui Mal y Pense Company, Limited. Turning the pages in some bewilderment (for we are not financiers), we spy such sentences as these: "If he wanted £600, part in fruity port, he could have it at the usual rate." "The remaining £32 6s. 10d. . . . was to be handed, less omnibus and other charges, to the Professor for greasing the palm of the Pontifical Prime Curse." "The total sum, some £78 odd, she poured into her brother's lap." "Mrs. Henry Palmerstown must in any case have her £750." In the City the story should find readers, or, at least—auditors. (T. Fisher Unwin. 276 pp. 6s.)

FORTUNE'S GATE.

BY ALAN ST. AUBYN.

The author of *A Fellow of Trinity*, and other stories over which undergraduates sometimes dare to make merry, is here again on the familiar ground. He is still, to adapt an old joke, calling up spirits from the 'Varsity deep. In the first sentence of the first chapter Andrew Clay goes to Cambridge. Subsequently we come to the larger life, but the story, in the main, is of the colleges and Newnham, and Andrew's debts and idleness. "Fortune's Gate" was a pill, with the assistance of which Andrew hoped to make vast riches. (Chatto & Windus. 306 pp. 6s.)

KEEPERS OF THE PEOPLE.

BY EDGAR JEPSON.

Herein the author of *A Passion for Romance* blends two civilisations and three nationalities. Part of the story is laid in England, part in Russia, and part in Varandaleel, which lies east of Russia

and hates it. Prince Ralph of Varandaleel, Prince Melinsky (his foe), Lord Lisdor, Althea, Ruth, Vashti, the Reverend Peter Stucker—these are sufficiently bizarre characters; and there is war, and a tiger fight, and love in plenty. A barbaric romance of the present time, with such a passage as this in it: "'No,' said Althea, 'I am sharpening this sword for you. If we get the worst of it, I am to kill you. That was Prince Ralph's orders; and he has my promise.'" (C. Arthur Pearson. 358 pp. 6s.)

LUCKY BARGEES.

BY HARRY LANDER.

Let us quote the dedication: "To the silent companions of many wasted hours, my bulldogs Boss and Spider, this book is dedicated without permission, as an acknowledgment of their grave contempt for such follies." The book, one sees, is humorous. It dealeth with the lower river, and hath a plethora of slang. (C. Arthur Pearson. 286 pp. 3s. 6d.)

THE ROMANCE OF A NAUTCH GIRL.

BY MRS. FRANK PENNY

Another of those Indian stories which are proclaimed in a preface to be concerned with hidden mysteries. At once we are hypnotised by motionless air, busy cicadas, and the soft moan of the casuarina's needles. Also there are devil dances and nautch dances, and when things are not pulsing wildly, sweetmeats and betel nut are handed round. The atmosphere of the temple and the demon-haunted grove mingles with that of the cantonment; nor is it surprising that Minachee finally "took wing to other scenes where the drumming of the tomtom and the orgy of the heathen poojah filled her wild heart with a gladness that made her life complete." (Swan Sonnenschein. 369 pp. 6s.)

A SECRET OF WYVERN TOWERS.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

Mr. Speight's hand is cunning in devising and unravelling mysteries, as readers of *The Mysteries of Heron Dyke* know. In the new book, the first wife of Mr. Drelincourt of Wyvern Towers is murdered, by whom no one knows, no one even suspects, until p. 289, when the clearing up begins. An old-fashioned and quite readable romance of the kind perfected by Wilkie Collins. (Chatto & Windus. 301 pp. 6s.)

A SOUL ON FIRE.

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT.

"His hands wandered about the soft-cushioned velvet, and he spoke to himself, until they rested on the top of a man's head—the head of a man who, apparently, still occupied the seat he had vacated." "His" hands were the Professor's ghost's hands. For the Professor, who was blue-eyed and brutal, was dead, and was just finding it out. Subsequently he met a number of persons whom he had known in the flesh and had not treated over well. A fantastic idea not too well carried out, but readable as everything of Miss Marryat's is. (Bliss, Sands & Co. 260 pp. 3s. 6d.)

FIGHTING FOR FAVOUR.

BY W. G. TARRET.

A kailyard romance of the seventeenth century, written in the first person. It concerns an attack by English pirates on a Scottish bark, and the subsequent capture, by the brave men of Anstruther, of the pirates, "whereof twa [writes the Anstruther minister in his diary] were hang'd on our pier-end, the rest in St. Andrews; with nae hurt at all to any of our folks, wha ever since syne have been free from English pirates. All praise to God for ever. Amen." (Arrowsmith. 318 pp. 3s. 6d.)

THE VICAR.

BY JOSEPH HATTON.

Mr. Hatton has ere now found the material for stirring romances in Italy and Russia; here we have a story of English life. In the opening chapters the vicar's scapegrace son, Tom Hussington, is revolving desperate measures of raising money with his friend

Jim Renshaw. In the last chapter Jim is in the hands of the police, and Tom is saved only by the kindness of a rival in love. The story is thoroughly interesting, and the character of Lady Barwick, the intriguing widow, who bids the maid hide the *Sporting Life* and *Tipster* and spread forth the *Guardian*, when she is expecting visitors, is well realised. (Hutchinson & Co. 403 pp. 6s.)

MISTRESS BRIDGET.

BY E. YOLLAND.

"To this day the spirit walks : no one will pass alone between the box-tree paths of the Rectory garden ; the weathercock turns in the wind with all the initials in view, and fragrant apples strongly scent the dormer chamber, always called 'Madam's Zimmer,' wherein no doubt to those whose ears are listening to it, the hum of a wheel can be heard in the stillness of the summer night, and were there eyes to see—a slender form, and delicate fingers spinning the web of fate. None of the old family remain." This formula is worked out in the old way. (F. V. White & Co. 264 pp.)

AN EGYPTIAN COQUETTE.

BY CLIVE HOLLAND.

Behold the story of Evan Grant, a young scientific journalist and the most brilliant contributor to the *Torch*, and Ethel Vallance, who being hypnotised at a *séance* by Spinoza—not the philosopher, but a mesmerist—straightway fetched a knife and stuck one of her suitors in the shoulder ; and the consequence was that Evan Grant dreamed a dream, and went to Egypt and brought back a hypnotised female mummy and a papyrus. The latter was translated, and the former, in an attempt to de-hypnotise her, fell to dust. A very unreal piece of sensationalism. (C. Arthur Pearson. 232 pp. 2s. 6d.)

FOR LIBERTY.

BY HUME NISBET.

The author says that these "Chronicles of a Jacobin" are founded on a collection of autobiographical MSS. relating to Major-General George Martel, which have long been in his possession. The story takes us to Paris during the Revolution, and is carried down "to the downfall of those gore-grimed monsters who crushed Liberty, and made France the trembling home of Terror." (F. V. White & Co. 296 pp. 6s.)

BETWEEN TWO WIVES.

BY WILLIAM TURVILLE.

This is a very long story, divided into three books. We permit the reader to divine its contents by such chapter headings as : "The Motive and the Cue for Passion," "Haw, haw!" "Asperities," "Gall and Nettles," "The Garden Party," "Washing Day," "A Dinner Pill," "A-weary of the Sun," "Claimed," and "After Me the Deluge." Four hundred and fifty-one pages of love and talk. (Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 451 pp. 6s.)

IN THE PROMISED LAND.

BY MARY ANDERSON.

The story of Rahab, who dwelt on the city wall of Jericho, re-written and elaborated. Joshua is introduced as one of the characters, and the King of Ai as another ; and the destruction of Achan and his family is a leading incident. The story concludes with a suggestion of Rahab's repentance and happier life. (Downey & Co. 288 pp. 6s.)

A POINT OF VIEW.

BY CAROLINE FOTHERGILL.

We have here one of those stories which may be said to have several heroes and heroines ; and their difficulty is to sort themselves out into married couples. The sorting process entails mistakes and heart-burnings. A quiet country setting is sufficient for such a story, and we have it. For the rest, the characters are carefully drawn. (Arrowsmith. 312 pp. 3s. 6d.)

A TWO-FOLD SIN.

BY M. BRAZIER.

The mansion is "noble" and "castellated" ; and a "young man about seven-and-twenty" (a stranger) exclaims : "How fair a scene ; can I ever hope to aspire to such a home, or will it only come when youth and energy have fled ? Ah, well ! a truce to sad thoughts, I will not be disenchanted on this lonely evening, but let yonder setting sun be the harbinger of bright days to come." The story that opens like this is ever with us. We admire its—persistence. (Digby, Long & Co. 188 pp. 2s. 6d.)

REVIEWS.

American Wives and English Husbands. By Gertrude Atherton. (Service & Paton.)

THIS is a stronger piece of work than *His Fortunate Grace* : more ambitious, and achieving more. The somewhat clumsy title strikes a keynote. This story, like the last, deals with the theory or practice of Anglo-American intermarriage. Mrs. Atherton would protest, one gathers, against the blunt judgment which lumps all American wives into a single unflattering category. After all, she points out to us, there is a world of difference between, say, your raw Western heiress and the Southern woman of good Californian family with a century or two of delicate breeding behind her. The former does not be seem a coronet ; the latter may meet an English noble with a pride of race equal to his own. Such a one is Lee Tarlton, Mrs. Atherton's heroine. Her personality dominates the book. She is well conceived and thoroughly alive. We rejoice that she is beautiful, for heroines with lank drab hair and squat figures pall on the reviewer ; but when to beauty she adds brains, courage, and a high sense of honour, we feel that Lord Maundrell is a lucky man. He, too, is well drawn, though with a touch of Transatlantic scorn for the impressive "set" Englishman. The plot is not much ; the interest centres in Lee's development as a Californian girl and an English bride. Over against her is set her husband's stepmother, also an American, of rank extraction, who brings Lord Barnstable's fortune and good name to ruin. He learns at last that the expenses of Maundrell Abbey are being paid out of her lover's purse, and a strong scene between him and the true-hearted Lee follows :

"He was sitting at his desk writing ; and as he lifted his hand at her abrupt entrance, and laid it on an object beside his papers, she received no shock of surprise. She went forward and lifted his hand from the revolver.

'Must you ?' she asked.

'Of course I must. Do you think I could live with myself another day ?'

'Perhaps no one need ever know.'

'Everybody in England will know before a week is over. She gave me to understand that people guessed it already.'

'This seems such a terrible alternative to a woman—but—'

'But you have race in you. You understand perfectly. My honour has been sold, and my pride is dead : there is no place among men for what is left of me. And to face my son again ! Good God !'

'Can nothing be done to keep it from Cecil ?'

'Nothing. It is the only heritage I leave him, and he'll have to stand it as best he can. It won't kill him, nor his courage ; he's made of stronger stuff than that. And if I've brought the family honour to the dust, he has it in him to raise it higher than it has ever been. Never let him forget that. You've played your part well all along, but you've a great deal more to do yet. You'll find that Fate didn't steer you into this family to play the pretty rôle of countess —'

'I am equal to my part.'

'Yes, I think you are. Now, I have an hour's work before me. I can't let you go till I've finished. You are a strong creature—but you are a woman all the same. You must stay here until I am ready to let you go.'

'I want to stay with you.'

'Thank you. Sit down.'

He handed her a chair, and returned to his writing.

* * * *

Lord Barnstable laid down his pen and sealed his letters. He stood up and held out his hand.

'Good-bye,' he said.

They shook hands closely and in silence. Then she went out and he closed the door behind her. She stood still, waiting for the signal. She could not carry the news of his death to his son until he was gone beyond the shadow of a doubt. It was so long coming that she wondered if his courage had failed him, or if he were praying before the picture of his wife. It came at last."

Lord Barnstable dies, but the atmosphere remains electric. We somehow expect that Lord Maundrell will follow in his father's footsteps, and that Lee will fall into the hands of a "magerful" compatriot who has encompassed her with vows since childhood. And then—there is no ending : Lee seeks her husband's study in trepidation ; "Cecil was writing quietly."

A Voyage of Consolation. By Sara Jeannette Duncan.
(Methuen & Co.)

THIS is an amusing story, with a love motive strong enough to set it going and finish it off. The heroine, Mamie Wicks, writes in the first person, and we are at once made acquainted with the fact and the manner of her broken engagement with Mr. Arthur Greenleaf Page, of Yale College. Mamie has been to England and has returned to Chicago with an English accent and a new view of the American twang. Mr. Page, to whom attachment to the American accent is the alpha of patriotism, is so shocked that the engagement is broken; and Mamie instantly arranges a trip to Europe with her parents by telephone. It is with the travel adventures of these three that the book is concerned. Poppa, who is a Senator, is consistently dry and amusing; Momma cautious and absurd; and Mamie holds the pen.

In Rome Mamie is approached with a proposal of marriage by a lively but nearly destitute Italian Count, to whom Poppa had inadvertently talked about his soda business in the train from Genoa. Here is Mamie's story of the Count's offer:

"If I must speak of myself, believe me it is not a nobody, the Count Filgatti," he went on at last. "Two Cardinals I have had in my family and one is second cousin to the Pope."

"Fancy the Pope's having relations!" I said; "but I suppose there is nothing to prevent it."

"Nothing at all. In my family I have had many ambassadors, but that was a little formerly. Once a Filgatti married with a Medici—but these things are better for Misra and Madame Wick to inquire."

"Poppa is very much interested in antiquities, but I'm afraid there will hardly be time, Count Filgatti."

"Listen, I will say all! Always they have been much too large, the families Filgatti. So now perhaps we are a little reduce. But there is still somethings—ah, signorina, can you pardon that I speak these things, but the time is so small—there is fifteen hundred lire yearly revenue to my pocket."

"About three hundred dollars," I observed sympathetically. Count Filgatti nodded with the smile of a conscious capitalist. "Then, of course," I said, "you won't marry for money." I'm afraid this was a little unkind, but I was quite sure the Count would perceive no irony, and said it for my own amusement.

"Jamais! In Italy you will find that never! The Italian gives always the heart before—before—"

"The arrangement," I suggested softly.

"Indeed, yes. There is also the seat of the family."

"The seat of the family," I repeated. "Oh—the family seat. Of course, being a Count, you have a castle. They always go together. I had forgotten."

"A castle I cannot say, but for the country it is very well. It is not amusing there, in Tuscany. It is a little out of repairs. Twice a year I go to see my mother and all those brothers and sisters—it is enough! And the Countess, my mother, has said to me two hundred times, "Marry with an Americaine, Nicco, it is my command." "Nicco," she calls me—it is what you call jackname."

The Count smiled deprecatingly, and looked at me with a great deal of sentiment, twisting his moustache. Another pause ensued. It's all very well to say I should have dismissed him long before this, but I should like to know on what grounds?

"I wish very much to write my mother that I have found the American lady for a new Countess Filgatti," he said at last with emotion.

"Well," I said awkwardly, "I hope you will find her."

"Ah, Mees Wick," exclaimed the Count recklessly, "you are that American lady. When I saw you in the railway I said, "It is my vision!" At once I desired to embrace the papa. And he was not cold with me—he told me of the soda. I had courage, I had hope. At first when I see you to-day I am a little derange. In the Italian way I speak first with the papa. Then came a little thought in my heart—no, it is propitious! In America the daughter makes always her own arrangement. So I am spoken."

At this I rose immediately. I would not have it on my conscience that I toyed with the matrimonial proposition of even an Italian Count. . . . I mentioned the matter to my parents, thinking it might amuse them, and it did. From a business point of view, however, papa could not help feeling a certain amount of sympathy for the Count.

"I hope, daughter," he said, "you didn't give him the ha-ha to his face."

The author's aim is to be amusing; and in this she succeeds. Her keen observation is turned quite as much on the American tourist as on European sights and customs; and the result is a very clever novel of travel.

The Scourge-Stick. By Mrs. Campbell Praed.
(William Heinemann.)

MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED has struck out in this volume into a vein new to her, and fortunately for her readers she has produced a story of much more than her usual significance and power. One cannot but shrink occasionally from the excessive morbidity of the book. It deals with a girl of sensitive and introspective temperament who, failing as an actress, hastily accepts an offer of marriage from a wealthy admirer, Hector Vassal, whose cold and ruthless character the author, with a motif-like persistence, likens to the type of the Roman Emperors. "Agatha Greste, who had odd fancies, used to say that he was a reincarnation of the Roman period." Of course they are unhappy—their tastes conflict in every interest, their ideas in every aspect of life. And one day the inevitable happens. The story is not to be told apart from the context; but it may be said that the final development of the plot is a very clever and ingenious display of mechanism. The psychology and soul-stirrings of *The Scourge-Stick* are not its strongest point. The writing is too much in gasps. Dots and dashes take the place which, under the old dispensation of feminine literature, would have been filled by italics. Open the book at random, and your eye lights on a paragraph like this:

"Anything—anything but that. I should feel it was the offence against the Holy Ghost. . . . I know that I have sinned against you and against the law, in breaking my marriage oath. . . . I know it now. . . . But there's just this excuse for me. . . . I did love, with my whole heart and soul. . . . I made a religion of my love. . . . I can't dishonour it."

This method gives emphasis at the expense of disjointedness; and when it is pointed out that nearly the whole book, certainly all the heroine's part of it, is conducted on this system of spasms and jerks, it will be clear that restraint is the one consummate quality which is absent from it. Nor is Mrs. Campbell Praed above a certain preference for the needlessly unpleasant, not from the moral, but from the artistic point of view. The closing scenes of the life of Mr. Vassal, the worn-out debauchee clinging with frantic eagerness to the dregs of vitality, ordering his wife, when no longer able to stir himself, to read indecent French novels to him, throwing off his life-time's mask of respectability more and more as his senses dull, may not be untrue, but are they art? Was not this one little picture of the dying man enough without over-elaborating it?

"Only Bunchy, attracted by the litter of flowers, peeped furtively in at the outer vestibule and, catching sight of the dread-inspiring figure in the chair, ran swiftly away. Somehow, Mr. Vassal, as he sat there with his fierce eyes gleaming from over his book or paper at any sound that caught his attention, made one think of one of those old, bloated, uncannily marked spiders one sees lying in wait for unsuspecting flies. His limbs had a shrunken look owing to his huddled position in the great chair; and his head seemed to have grown larger, while his face was yellow and more deeply lined and broader about the jaws, giving the effect of a faint leer."

Mrs. Campbell Praed uses a larger canvas and a freer brush in *The Scourge-Stick* than she has done before, but she should tone down the crudeness of her colours. There is too much red and yellow about the story of Esther Vrintz.

THE CONFESSION OF A DISAPPOINTED AUTHOR.

A REMARKABLE "human document" is printed in the current *New Century Review* above the signature of "Julian Croskey"—a name not unfamiliar in connexion with the "Pseudonym Library," where it appeared on the title-page of a story entitled *The Shen's Pigtail*. The writer bids a disgusted farewell to literature; and his article claims to be an absolutely frank statement of how he has fared in authorship. The value, though not the interest, of his article is somewhat discounted by the fact that he has used literature merely as a stepping-stone. "Julian Croskey" has spent some years in China. He held a position in the Chinese Customs, but becoming discontented made a wild attempt to get up a rebellion, was arrested,

and being handed over to the British Government was then under the Foreign Enlistment Act sent to prison. In prison he revolved a quixotic scheme of raising a body of gentlemen-adventurers in English society to exploit China. The first thing was to get into society. While therefore keeping up his knowledge of Chinese, studying military tactics, and keeping in touch with his native confederates, "Julian Croskey," embarked on a two-years' attempt to win fame as an author. His hardships seem to have been many and severe; but, again, it is necessary to point out that they have not been of the kind which are inseparable from literary aspirations. After the first three months—during which period he wrote twenty-six magazine articles and two books—"Julian Croskey" went into the London Hospital, having broken down from "starvation, fever, and isolation." Thence emerging, he borrowed fifty pounds. "On this fifty pounds," he writes:

"I took a small room near Hampstead Heath for four shillings and sixpence a week, living on tinned meat and opium. I was here for a year, and, although full of creativeness, wasted the year in what I thought the more important duty, the composition of my bible and military scheme of conquest. I joined the Volunteers as a private, and made an exhaustive study of tactics and armament by the book. I was already beginning to feel the pleasure of writing fiction, and suppressed my eagerness in order to finish my technical work with a constant effort. My invention was so abundant that I thought it would easily stand the postponement of a year. Fatal postponement!

I now began to send out my slum work, and, for the first time, to court the agonies of refusal. On the whole, I was successful for a beginner, although I thought I was a terrible failure. I placed three or four articles with *Temple Bar*, two tales, and *The Shen's Pigtail* in Mr. Fisher Unwin's Pseudonym Library. My agreement with Mr. Unwin specified two or three other books which I was to supply, so that if I had taken to literature then I should at once have been launched. I, however, neglected my part of the agreement, and let my opportunity slide. During that year I made fifty pounds out of my first three months' work. Messrs. Bentley have still a typed MS. of mine, consisting of articles on China, which may or may not have appeared. I have changed my address often, and do not read magazines. I had intended adding to my labours by illustrating my own tales. The first half of *The Shen's Pigtail* went to the *Strand Magazine*, with several illustrations, at least correct in local colour, and came back after two or three months without them. I gave up sending illustrations.

During the year '93, then, I wrote little for publication. I certainly sent out my military book, *The Army of the Naturals*, a sort of Spartan Utopia, to several military publishers, who admired it, but said it would not pay; Messrs. Kegan Paul also offered to accept it if I would bear part of the cost. I consequently withdrew it, feeling that it would be time enough to publish it when I had made my *entrée* into society by fiction. This was on a par with the rest of my folly, for the book is now useless, as my heart is no longer in its tenets. I wrote also during this year my *Recollections of a Prisoner*, and it was accepted by Messrs. Chapman & Hall on the condition that I should tone down the style. In my youthful conceit I did not like the reader's honest brutality, and let that opportunity also go by. I have found since that he was right, and the style was abominable. I found such good stuff in the book that I thought it worth re-writing; and now I know that the MS. is doomed, for I never finish a revision. That, then, was the third labour wasted; my biography (*The Strange Affair of Mr. M—in China*), my Utopia (*The Army of the Naturals*), and my prison recollections (*In Gaol*). These MSS. are now in an inchoate state, and useless for publication. After ten or twenty years I might possibly be equal to reviving them, for want of better copy.

However, I was prepared to make good use of my third year ('94), the year in which *The Shen's Pigtail* appeared, when a catastrophe happened. I accepted a clerkship. My people insisted on my earning a reasonable living, and I weakly consented, because they had been at great pains to find me a place. It was against all my better judgment. I had enough still to live on with great economy, and brains ready and willing to do good work. My office was in Pall Mall, and I moved my "diggings" to Bloomsbury. I endeavoured to make my first attempt at fiction by working after office hours. It was the book I had had in my mind during the previous year of technical work, and foreshadowed, in the form of piratical novel, my schemes for the subversion of the world—an appendix to the "gospel" for the guidance of "my gentlemen-adventurers" still to be sought. In spite of its purpose there was some astonishing literary work in the book (a safe boast, for it will never appear now). I sent the first part to Mr. Unwin, who said it appeared to him too realistic for a "boy's book." My absurd folly took offence at the expression "boy's book," and I never sent Mr. Unwin the remainder, which he wished to read. When the book was finished I had lost self-confidence, and was afraid it was far too audacious. The next year

several books appeared on the same lines, and met with great success; *The Great War of '97*, for instance. My book accurately anticipated the China-Japan War and the invasion of Corea, but when the war came I felt that I had lost my opportunity of being a prophet. I was also too timid to issue, as history, the imaginary success of an English adventurer in China; it seemed like libel. There was some local colour in it, which I presume, is seldom likely to be repeated, because I am the only novelist who has belonged to the Kolao Revolutionary Society and held council with Chinese rebels. However, it is all dead now; it seems too banal to me who am familiar with it. I have, too, unfortunately cut the book up beyond repair for use in magazine stories and short books. Fourth labour, and second year wasted!

Feeling that my work was spoilt by the office, and clinging still to the faith in my ability to conquer a profession which I used contemptuously as a jumping-off place, I gave up my clerkship at the end of the year, determined to face poverty and work again. It was a good resolution, and might still have borne fruit. During the first few months of '95 I wrote *Max*, a tremendous biographical work of the length and form of *Pendennis*, narrating my adventures from early youth. It was over 200,000 words long. In this I again incorporated my China experiences, but with the conviction that it was the last time I could touch that sickening record. Resolved to begin at the bottom, in order to get it accepted at once, I sent it to the Tower Company, whose reader suggested that it should be cut in half, and accepted the half. I made the necessary alterations, relegating my China experiences ultimately to the waste-paper box, and by the time I had done it the Tower Company wound up its affairs. A domestic interruption then occurred which quite split up my tranquillity for some months. I again borrowed money, and took a house by myself, believing that I was going to be married. . . .

From this time, the spring of '95 onward, I have drifted from my ambitions and knocked myself to pieces. During the year I was unable to place anything, and despaired of literature. . . . I went round in a continual circle of desperate plans, impotence, refuge in creative work, and reviving ambition again. . . . In the intervals of literary impulse I wrote *Merlin* and *The Chest of Opium*, which appeared that autumn ('96); but they were mere pot-boilers, and I had no heart in the works beyond pecuniary need. I also placed *Max* with Mr. John Lane. In this way I earned £70 during 1896. I also wrote a novel called *Clon* for Mr. Lane, in two months, and it proved to be too "thick." I wrote also the first of a series of detective stories, called "Craft and the Criminal," for a new magazine, and the magazine never appeared. And I placed two tales with the *English Illustrated*, neglecting again a lucrative opening for a series. My opportunities were excellent for a professional scribbler, but I would not make it my profession. . . .

If I ever resume the pen it will be my third start in the one profession, which is unusual. I began with *The Shen's Pigtail*, under the pseudonym of "Mr. M—." I used this name from '93 to '96, with the exception of two magazine tales under the name of C. W. Mason, three China articles by M. Jones, two "threepenny dreadful" pot-boilers by M. Cricklewood, and two tales which I gave to other young authors. Being tired of these pseudonyms I made a fresh *début* in '97 under the name of "Julian Croskey," with a long novel *Max*, and forthcoming re-issue of *Merlin*. Now, with this record of failure, and the possible publication of one or two MSS. which are out, I have forgotten where, I drop the name of "Julian Croskey." I believe I have five tales accepted somewhere which are yet to appear, but I have burnt my records and cannot recall them. I have asked one editor if he would pay me in advance, but have had no reply. I have absolutely wasted six years. I have wasted, indeed, the first thirty years of my life.

And now, *vale*. I am afraid my promise of writing a true chapter of humanity has miscarried. I have done nothing but advertise my œuvres inédits. There is, nevertheless, one moral to my tale, and that is this: if you would succeed as an author, be one and nothing else. If you can beg, borrow, or steal as much as £50 a year, cut yourself off from everything and write. . . .

We hope that "Julian Croskey," having disburdened his mind, will see his career in a more favourable light. We do not believe that his last six years have been so "wasted" as he imagines; and we should say that his chance of doing creditably in literature is a respectable one. And, as if to confirm our view, we notice that Mr. Lane advertises this week that Mr. "Croskey's" *Max* is in its second edition.

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1898.
No. 1353, New Series.

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NOTES AND NEWS.

"Cannon his name,
Cannon his voice, he came."

THESE are the first two of the eight hundred odd lines of Mr. Meredith's second contribution of Napoleonic verse to *Cosmopolis*. Some might say, borrowing from the Douglas Jerrold mint, that these are the only understandable lines, but that would be unjust, as there are many illuminative passages in the whirl of imagery and gymnastic thought that go to the making of this feat in verse. We can place our hand upon our heart and say we have read it through from "Cannon his name" to "Hull down, with mast against the Western hues," and, if we say that it is our intention never to renew the escalade, it is because this is not the kind of poetry we read for pleasure. At the same time, we offer our humble tribute of admiration to the splendid vigour of a mind that could conceive and bring forth such a giant exercise in the art of ode-making.

OUR first stumble occurred on the second page:

"That Soliform made featureless beside His brilliancy who neighboured: vapour they; Vapour what postured statutes barred his tread."

Set against that the vivid imagery of these two lines:

"Kind to her ear as quiring Cherubim,
And trampling earth like scornful mastodons."

And these:

"Like foam-heads of a loosened freshet bursting banks,
By mount and fort they thread to swamp the slaggard plains."

In the passage that follows it was "the hydrocephalic aérolite" that pleaded for quotation:

"Now had the Seaman's solvent sprite,
Lean from the chase that barked his contraband,
A beggared applicant at every port,
To strew the profitless deeps and rot beneath,
Slung northward, for a hunted beast's retort
On sovereign power; there his final stand,
Among the perfumed Scythian's shaggy horde,
The hydrocephalic aérolite
Had taken; flashing thence repellent teeth,
Though Europe's Master Europe's Rebel banned
To be earth's outcast, ocean's lord and sport."

HERE, finally, is a characteristic Meredithean passage:

"He would not fall, while falling; would not be taught,
While learning; would not relax his grasp on aught
He held in hand, while losing it; pressed advance,
Pricked for her lees the veins of wasted France;
Who, had he stayed to husband her, had spun
The strength he taxed unripened for his throw,
In repercutent casts calamitous,
On fields where palsyng Pyrrhic laurels grow,
The luminous the ruinous.
An incandescent scorpion,
And fierier for the mounded cirque
That narrowed at him thick and murk,
This gambler with his genius
Flung lives in angry volleys, bloody lightnings, flung
His fortunes to the hosts he stung,
With victories clipped his eagle's wings."

Yet one more quotation: one line in the Ode which aptly describes the effect upon the ordinary reader after grappling with the 800 lines:

"The innumerable whelmed him, and he fell."

APROPOS of a second edition of the Ode, we notice, by the way, that a flippant critic commenting upon the phrase "incandescent scorpion" suggests that some editor of the future, more intent upon fact than imagination, will probably alter it to "incandescent Corsican."

IT was almost a relief to come back to earth and Mr. Andrew Lang on p. 69 of the same issue of *Cosmopolis*—to such a morsel of natural happy-go-lucky criticism as this: "One would be glad to lie on a sofa, like Gray, and read dozens of novels by Miss Coleridge, if they were all as good as *The King with Two Faces*." Half way down the same page we found something which, as Archdeacon Farrar said of Mr. Hall Caine's *Christian*, "made us think." There Mr. Lang is allowed by the editor and the printer's reader of *Cosmopolis* to speak of *The Master of Ballantyne*. If such a misprint is possible in "Notes on New Books," then misprints are also possible in Mr. Meredith's "Napoleon." Can it be that —? We await a second edition of the Ode with anxiety.

As a matter of fact, if Ballantyne were to come into the question at all it would be as master, with R. L. S. for pupil. Most boys of the last generation date their first desire to write stories from reading Ballantyne; and Stevenson, in some charming verses, was glad to call that worthy writer "Ballantyne the brave."

MR. STEPHEN GWYNN, we observe, who writes in the *Fortnightly* of Stevenson's posthumous works, is disposed to think little of the *Fables*. "They are," he says, "interesting reading, but people who like a meaning made quite plain will not take kindly to the more elaborate among them, and, upon the whole, they must be reckoned among his failures." "Posterity," says Mr. Gwynn farther on, "will probably regret the time spent upon these things, if it thinks that it might have had in exchange a few more chapters, let us say, of *Heathercat*." It is, of course, a matter of temperament. Mr. Gwynn finds fault with Mr. Gosse and Mr. Strachey for preferring Stevenson's essays to his stories; and we are tempted equally to object to Mr. Gwynn's depreciation of such exquisite work as "The Poor Thing" and "The House of Eld." But it is not worth while—these are matters to be settled for oneself. Mr. Gwynn's article, we might add, is extremely interesting and well knit.

By the way, Mr. Crossland, who wrote the two amusing fables which were quoted in these columns last week, is a little disturbed that we suggested Mr. Stevenson as his inspiration, since he began to play with this form of literature some time before Longman's gave R. L. S.'s experiments to the world. As his ambitions, he assures us, "do not run to 'sedulous' or other 'apishness,' imitation is a bit severe. A fabulist might put the matter as follows:

An injudicious bird fluttered unwittingly into a garden where there was a nightingale. And, as had been his wont in other situations, he endeavoured to chirp his best and chasteest.

And the rose, hearing sounds, was minded of the nightingale, and said, "Ah! an imitation—an experiment, good!"

And that injudicious bird, though flattered and obliged, somehow wished he hadn't come."

THE Elizabethan Stage Society's representation of Middleton's *Spanish Gipsy*, on Tuesday night, was prefaced by the delivery of a resonant prologue, written for the occasion by Mr. Swinburne. The poet's mouthpiece was Mr. Gosse. He came on the stage accompanied by a blue-coat boy, who carried a lantern. Mr. Gosse wore the costume of to-day, but the blue-coat dates, of course, from Edward the Sixth, and was no anachronism. The boy held the lantern so that the light shone upon the paper, and Mr. Gosse then read the poem, which we print in full:

"The wind that brings us from the springtide south
Strange music as from love's or life's own mouth

Blew hither, when the blast of battle ceased
That swept back southward Spanish prince
and priest,
A sound more sweet than April's flower-sweet
rain,
And bade bright England smile on pardoned
Spain.
The land that cast out Philip and his God
Grew gladly subject where Cervantes trod.
Even he whose name above all names on earth
Crows England queen by grace of Shake-
speare's birth
Might scarce have scorned to smile in God's
wise down
And gild with praise from heaven an earthlier
crown.
And he whose hand bade live down lengthen-
ing years
Quixote, a name lit up with smiles and tears,
Gave the glad watchword of the gipsies' life,
Where fear took hope and grief took joy to
wife.
Times change, and fame is fitful as the sea :
But sunset bids not darkness always be,
And still some light from Shakespeare and
the sun
Burns back the cloud that masks not Middleton.
With strong, swift strokes of love and wrath
he drew
Shakespearean London's loud and lusty crew :
No plainer might the likeness rise and stand
When Hogarth took his living world in hand.
No surer than his fire-fledged shafts could hit,
Winged with as forceful and as faithful wit :
No truer a tragic depth and heat of heart
Glowed through the painter's than the poet's
art.
He lit and hung in heaven the wan fierce moon
Whose glance kept time with witchcraft's
air-struck tune :
He watched the doors where loveless love let in
The pageant hailed and crowned by death
and sin :
He bared the souls where love, twin-born
with hate,
Made wide the way for passion-fostered fate.
All English-hearted, all his heart arose
To scourge with scorn his England's cowering
foes :
And Rome and Spain, who bade their scorner
be
Their prisoner, left his heart as England's free.
Now give we all we may of all his due
To one long since thus tried and found thus
true."

Two American books about to be published are *A Confident To-Morrow*, by Prof. Brander Matthews, and *Cheerful Yesterdays*, by Colonel Higginson. The similarity of the titles is not accidental. Each has its origin in a phrase which one of the authors used in conversation. He described himself as "a man of cheerful yesterdays and confident to-morrows." This origin is interesting; but it would be appalling if every happy phrase used by an author produced a brace of books.

ACCORDING to the American *Bookman* the best selling books in America are at present the following :

1. *Quo Vadis.*
2. *Shrewsbury.*
3. *Hugh Wynne.*
4. *The Choir Invisible.*
5. *The Story of an Untold Love.*
6. *Simon Dale.*

The popularity of *Quo Vadis* has become wearisome.

It is therefore almost a relief to learn that the American Mrs. Grundy does not like *Quo Vadis*. Her belated objections to the book occupy nearly two columns of the *New York Times*, where they appear in the form of a letter signed J. W. H. Here Sienkiewicz's novel is declared to be only an exalted form of the yellow-backed species. We read :

" It is safe to say that this book of Sienkiewicz's has been read the past year or two more extensively than any other paper issued from the press and chiefly by the young. That it should not have called forth stronger protests from the purist and moralist indicates a blunted sensibility as to the fitness of things on the part of those interested in the education of the mind that seems to the writer both amazing and deplorable. Other books are tabooed by those discriminating in their reading, and yet it could easily be shown that the descriptions of the life in Nero's palace by the author of *Quo Vadis* are far more sensuous and revolting than any other volume shut from our homes ; indeed, it is not too much to say that *Quo Vadis* is but the advanced type of the yellow novel, and by reason of its literary excellence is finding a wider and higher circle of readers."

MR. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS begins in the April *Scribner's* a new serial story entitled *The King's Jackal*. The first instalment is somewhat niggardly in bulk, but there is enough to tell that the readers of the magazine have good entertainment in store. The deposed King of Messina, *incognito* in Tangier ; the Baron Barrat, diplomatist ; Prince Kalonay ; Colonel Erhaupt ; the Countess Zara, a spy ; Father Paul, an adamantine priest ; Miss Carson, an American heiress — these are some of the characters ; and over all is the electric air of impending struggle for the re-establishment of the King on his throne. But does Mr. Davis seriously spell necklace "neckless" ?

MR. RIDER HAGGARD'S *King Solomon's Mines* receives the honour of a sixpenny edition this week, and it will probably find many new readers, although the lines are longer than they ought to be for comfort in reading : full four and a-half inches of closely-printed type. Since its first appearance, thirteen years ago, more than one new generation of schoolboys has sprung up. Mr. Haggard prefixes the following note to the cheap reprint : " The author ventures to take this opportunity to thank his readers in all parts of the world for the kind reception that they have accorded to the successive editions of this tale during the last thirteen years. He hopes that in its present form it will fall into the hands of an even wider public, and that, in years to come it may continue to afford amusement to those who are still young enough at heart to love a story of treasure, war, and wild adventure."

MEANWHILE, in Hungary, a ballet has appeared based upon Mr. Haggard's *She*, concerning which the *Bookman* tells a good story. Mr. Haggard, it seems, hearing of the production, wrote asking for some programmes and photographs, and received a reply from the manager of the theatre that he was

much shocked at the receipt of this letter, for he for months had believed that Mr. Haggard was dead. Long obituary notices, he continued, had appeared in some of the most important papers. Mr. Haggard wrote again that if the obituary notices were in any more translatable language than Magyar he would be glad to see a few of them, and at the same time he begged that a paragraph might be circulated amongst the newspapers to the effect that he was alive. The last news is that the manager reports that no newspaper will insert the paragraphs, that they decline to credit his statement, and look upon his request as a clever but somewhat unscrupulous attempt to obtain fine advertisements for the ballet.

MR. EDGAR FAWCETT, the American writer, who is making a long stay in this country, says something of what he calls "Preciousness" in a recent letter to *Collier's Weekly* ; and during his remarks tells the following story of the Brownings :

" They were living in 'Casa Guidi,' at Florence—that big, ugly, yellow house, which stares at the feudal gravity of the Pitti Palace through rows of high, square, green-shuttered windows, and which has been lugged into so many Browning biographies with an idealising indulgence quite disproportionate to its architectural deserts. A guest, at one of their 'evenings,' chanced to find in some bookshelf, or on some table, a volume of Gray. Dipping into the Elegy, he became absorbed (half-memorially, perhaps) by its mesmeric beauties. Presently Robert Browning tapped him on the shoulder. ' Oh, are you reading that thing ? ' he asked. ' We've quite outgrown it here.' . . . Yes, indeed ; he was wholly right ; 'they' had quite outgrown it. If 'they' hadn't, all that sickly affectation which marks so much of Mrs. Browning's verse would have ceased to appear there, and from her husband such horrors of tedium as *Red Cotton Night-Cap Country* and *Ferishtah's Fancies* would never have sprung."

We should like to have authority for Mr. Fawcett's story. As it stands it reveals a facet of Robert Browning too new for immediate acceptance.

In a brief critical note, interesting in inverse ratio to its bulk, Mr. Henry James, in the *Fortnightly*, pays a tribute of praise to the narrative gifts of his friend Mr. Harland, with special insistence upon his cosmopolitan character, his citizenship of the world, the absence in his work of any "clear sound of the fundamental, the native note." Instead, Mr. James finds therein an "intensity of that mark of the imagination that may best be described as the acute sense of the 'Europe'—synthetic symbol!—of the American mind," and the discovery has led him to certain subtle reflections :

" It is a very wonderful thing [he says], this Europe of the American in general and of the author of *Comedies and Errors* in particular—in particular, I say, because Mr. Harland tends, in a degree quite his own, to give it the romantic and tender voice, the voice of fancy pure and simple, without the disturbance of other elements, such as comparison and reaction, either violent or merciful. He is not even 'international,' which is, after all, but another way, perhaps, of being a slave to the 'countries,' possibly twice or even three times a

jingo. It is a complete surrender of that province of the mind with which registration and subscription have to do. Thus is presented a disengaged, sensitive surface for the wonderful Europe to play on."

It is pleasant, and reminiscent of old times, to find Mr. Bret Harte continuing in the *Century* the story of "Her Letter" and "His Answer to Her Letter." In this third instalment—"Her Last Letter"—that hitherto incomplete romance is finished symmetrically; but we have had to wait a very long time for the curtain. To say what happened would not be fair; but a stanza or two, to show that Mr. Bret Harte as poet is still what he was, may not be out of place. The "Lily" is telling of the changes that have come in the old township:

"There's the rustle of silk on the sidewalk;
Just now there passed by a tall hat;
But there's gloom in this 'boom' and this
wild talk

Of the 'future' of Poverty Flat.
There's a decorous chill in the air, Joe,
Where once we were simple and free;
And I hear they've been making a mayor, Joe,
Of the man who shot Sandy McGee.

But there's still the 'lap, lap' of the river;
There's the song of the pines, deep and low.
(How my longing for them made me quiver
In the park that they call Fontainebleau !)

There's the snow-peak that looked on our
dances,

And blushed when the morning said, 'Go !'
There's a lot that remains which one fancies—
But somehow there's never a Joe!"

Before coming to the new poem, it would be well to refer back to the two pieces that so long ago preceded it.

An extraordinary "feast of language" is spread before us by the S.P.C.K. in the shape of readers and prayer-books, Communion services and hymn-books, in Swahili, Isuama, Xosa, and Chino. The Swahili readers deal with the history, not of England, but of Rome, according to Dr. Creighton. We imagine that, learned as he is, the Bishop of London would be not a little dismayed were he confronted with the following sentence and told that he wrote it: "Mji huu mpya ulikwita Rumi, na kwa sababu uliwekwa kando ya mto mkubwa wa upande ule wa Italia, ulikuwa marra wenye nguvu kwa biashara na tena kwa kawazua Waturuski." Which means, of course, "This colony was called Rome, and as it was founded upon the great river of that part of Italy, it soon became of importance for trade as well as for keeping off the Etruscans."

HERE, also in Swahili, is the first stanza of the old carol, "The First Nowell":

"Mbele Kheri 'kapelekwa
Kwa Walisha-k'ondoo ni malaika :
Walikilinda kundi lao
Nao usiku uziimao.
'Zaidi Kheri ! Zaidi Kheri !
Mauludu malik Israeli."

THE writer of the humorous items in Messrs. Hatchards' *Books of To-day and Books of To-morrow* continues his "Child's Guide to Literature" in the vein of refreshingly impudence he has already adopted.

This month we have the following catechism on Ibsen :

"Q. What is Ibsen ?

A. Ah, there you have me.

Q. Do you mean that you don't know ?

A. Well, opinions differ. Some say he isn't a person at all, but just a thing. Every now and then all kinds of little bits from police reports, and accounts of lunatics, and divorce cases, in the Norwegian papers, are gathered together, and they call it Ibsen. Just as we call chopped meat Mince.

Q. I call it beastly. Yes, and the others ?

A. Others say Ibsen is Mr. Archer.

Q. Not 'W. A.' ?

A. Yes, there is a theory that Mr. Archer, when he is tired of criticising other people's, writes plays himself under the name of Ibsen.

Q. Then what is the meaning of all this talk about Ibsen's seventieth birthday ?

A. O, that's plague.

Q. But England sent him a fifty-pound present ?

A. Yes, it went to a man named Ibsen whom Mr. Archer employs to act the part—a dummy.

Q. But why doesn't Mr. Archer confess to it ?

A. Because he's afraid of Clement Scott.

Q. And how about Mr. Gosse ? He says he discovered Ibsen.

A. Ah, that's the joke. Mr. Gosse thought he discovered Ibsen: really it was only the dummy."

IN a review last week of Mr. Arthur Waugh's *Legends of the Wheel* we ventured upon a remark which has impelled Mr. Waugh to the following remonstrance :

"CONSIDERING—HOW LITTLE?"

[“Considering how little the cycle does for literature or human nature.” — THE ACADEMY, April 2, 1898.]

"Green memories of breezy meadowland,
Crowned by torn wreaths of sea,
White apple-blossom blown above the sand
In fields of faery.

Brave lessons of the white road's brotherhood—

The hourly give-and-take ;
The hardship shared, the well-divided good,
For Sport's insurgent sake,
Still whispers, in the twilight and the shade,
Of heroisms divine—
Where Arthur fought, where Merlin's self is laid—

By good St. Alban's shrine.
Remembering these—and who that knows
forsakes ?—
One vague, unlettered creature
Hails in the 'wheel' the spirit that reawakes
His tired human nature."

In the current *Chap-Book* there is a summing up of the achievements of Mr. Robert W. Chambers, the author of *The King in Yellow*, *A King and a Few Dukes*, and other stories which have fluttered critical dovecotes by their strangeness and extravagance. Mr. Chambers has fulfilled at least one condition of being interesting in his books: he has lived an interesting life himself. In his greener youth he studied art at Julien's and other Paris studios. He exhibited at the Salon nine years ago. But Parisian life attracted more than his artist's eye. He hob-nobbed with anarchists at the Chateau Rouge, where Louise Michel held her court. He studied

the French military organisation, and had the history of the Commune at his finger-ends; while "time to be spared from the cafés, the studios, and the shrines of Paris, and from the barracks and drill ground, Mr. Chambers spent in the woods, whipping every available trout stream and chasing moths and butterflies with scientific ardour."

THUS equipped, Mr. Chambers wrote his book, *The King in Yellow*. This was a volume of grotesque stories, written in the most Lutetian fantastic manner, and published in Chicago. *The Red Republic*, a romance of the Commune, followed. Then Mr. Chambers wrote a fantasy about Chinese sorcerers who make gold on the Canadian prairies—*The Maker of Moons*. This was succeeded in the spring of last year by *A King and a Few Dukes*; and last autumn by *The Mystery of Choice*, a volume of short stories, and *Lorraine*, a story of the Franco-German war. The *Chap-Book* writer says of Mr. Chambers's treatment of war: "Late studies of campaigning have made much of the problem of individual courage or cowardice, of the psychology of a trembling recruit. For Mr. Chambers the great sweep, the overwhelming magnitude of the thing, is what has been worthy his attention. It is a view of war as true as the other, and yet more romantic."

THE renewed interest in the family of Shore, aroused by the recent publication of *Poems by A. and J.*, is responsible for the new edition of *The Journal of Emily Shore*, which Messrs. Kegan, Paul & Co. announce. It will contain a series of reproductions of pencil drawings by Emily Shore, mostly portraits.

THE annual exhibition of the Royal Amateur Art Society will be opened on May 11 by Princess Christian of Schleswig Holstein, at No. 1, Belgrave-square. The Loan Annexe will consist of drawings in pencil and water-colours by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., and water-colour portrait sketches by the late George Richmond, R.A., also of curious old fans, old shagreen and *pique* work. Owners of drawings by Sir T. Lawrence and Mr. Richmond who are willing to lend them are invited to communicate with the Lady Newton, 20, Belgrave-square.

MR. BENJAMIN SWIFT'S new novel, *The Destroyer*, is in the press. The "destroyer" is love: and we understand that the closing scene takes place in the Cathedral at Milan.

HEINRICH HEINE's sister, Frau Charlotte Embden, has conveyed, through her son, the Baron L. Von Embden, her thanks to Prof. Buchheim for a copy of his edition of Heine's *Lieder und Gedichte*, recently published in the "Golden Treasury Series." Frau Embden expressed at the same time her fervent wish that the Professor's efforts to make her brother's poems more generally known and appreciated in this country may be crowned with success.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING is due in England again, from the Cape, next month.

"THE SUNKEN BELL."

THAT good books, like good wine, improve by keeping, and that the literary vintage of Christmas, 1896, should first be broached at Easter, 1898, are refinements of taste which the modern palate would reject. In the instance of Gerhart Hauptmann's *Versunkene Glocke*, which has reached its thirtieth edition in the fifteenth month of its existence, and has been played at the rate of ten times a month to the fickle public of Berlin, I venture respectfully to believe that the modern palate is wrong, and that the literary Aladdin, with his cry of "old books for new," and the Transatlantic sage who lets a year intervene between the printing-press and the paper-knife, would alike be justified of their maxims.

This belief is supported by the following confession. I was staying in Berlin when the *Versunkene Glocke* was first published. I overheard the confused murmur of baby-worship which accompanied the early weeks of its life. I counted its endless reproductions, both in book-form and upon the stage. I watched the ecstasy of the gray-beard scholars, who issued pamphlet after pamphlet discussing the significance of the new-born play. A Royal infant, the sole hope of a nation, could not have been teased with more flattering attentions. The drawing-rooms echoed with its praises, and a critic who had been trusted to nurse the *Versunkene Glocke* achieved a reputation on the strength of it. More seriously speaking, the bibliography of the play is a formidable item in the booksellers' catalogues, and Gerhart Hauptmann has undoubtedly scored the most notable literary success of recent times in Germany. And yet—here comes the confession—while the heady properties of this strong wine were in the ascendant, I refrained from broaching my particular bottle. For more than a year the book lay uncut upon my shelf, and its third jubilee had been celebrated in the theatre before I saw it performed. Tried by this practical test, the value of Emerson's recommendation becomes abundantly clear. The froth and bubbles caused by this mystic bell when it first sank to the bottom have since had leisure to grow still; the broken waters have closed over it at last, and there it lies in the crystal depths beyond the plumb-lines of the critics.

It is, after all, so simple a matter, this world-old allegory which it embodies, that one wonders a little at the babel of readings it provoked. It is, in all literalness, as old as the hills themselves, which guard the secret of their peace. When Moses came down from the mountain, we are told, "the skin of his face shone," and all Zipporah's embraces, we remember, never succeeded in finally quenching the after-glow. Rather it drove him forth again, led by that perilous light,

"from the plains of Moab unto the mountain of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah, that is over against Jericho. And the Lord showed him all the land of Gilead, unto Dan, and all Naphtali, and the land of Ephraim, and Manasseh, and all the land of Judah unto the utmost sea, and the south, and the plain of the valley of Jericho, the city of palm trees, unto Zoar."

And

"the servant of the Lord died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord. . . . His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated. And the children of Israel wept for Moses in the plains of Moab thirty days."

Translate the Pisgah of historical fact into the Pisgah of every man's yearning; substitute a less perfect revelation for the knowledge of the Lord face to face; make the tugging of the valley at his heart-strings more imperious, as the vision dwindles in brightness, and does every prophet, whether of art, or ethics, or any other form of truth, come down some time to Zipporah with a shining face? Does he not waver as the glow departs, and the claims of the valley press more closely upon him? And will he not finally go forth again to refresh his eyes, while they are not dim, with the lands whose names are music, and to spend his force, while it is not abated, upon the peace which is guarded by the hills? For the source of his inspiration is eternal, but the mourning in the plains is a thirty days' matter at the most.

This, at any rate, was the experience of Heinrich, the master bell-founder, who was kissed by Rautendelein, the elfin maiden of the hills, and conceived at her touch a vision of the Perfect Bell, the Platonic *idéal* of musical peals, so that for its sake and hers he left his Magda in the valley, and followed Rautendelein to a mountain fastness, where she bent the forces of nature to his will. This was his experience when the village priest came up and rebuked him for living in adultery. "If your bell is so perfect," said the Church, "and demands such tremendous sacrifices, who is going to pay you for it?" And Heinrich met his questioner with a fine speech of passion, some lines of which I attempt to represent:

"Who pays me for my work? O Priest, good Priest,
Does bliss crave blessing? Shall the crown
be crowned?
For though you call my work, as I have
called it,
A chime of bells, yet is it such a chime
As never belfry-tower of minster yet
Enclosed, and in the crashing of its peal
Echoes the thunder of the earliest spring,
Which drove across the furrows like a
flame.
• • • • •

With silken banners rustling in the breeze,
The hosts of worshippers draw nigh my
temple,
And lo! the chiming of my wonder-bells
Peals forth in tones of mingled sweet and
fire
Till every bosom pants with long desire.
It sings a song, forgotten and forlorn,
Fresh-drawn from crystal depths of faery
streams,
Telling of homely things, and children's love,
Known unto all, but never heard before.
And as it sinks, in dear, consuming strains,
Like plaintive nightingale or laughing
doves,
It breaks the ice in every human heart,
And hate and scorn and rage and pain and
grief
Melt into burning, burning, burning tears."

The glow was still strong upon him when he defended Rautendelein from some bolder climbers from the village below, who had scaled his fastness and thrown stones:

"Not though an angel, sped direct from heaven,
With lily beckonings and pleading words
Bade me be steadfast in my chosen way,
Should I be swifter to obey,
Better convinced of my pure work and merit,
Than by these voices that would howl me
down."

And when he returns triumphant from the conflict, and Rautendelein offers him a draught of her potent wine, he exclaims that he is "again athirst for wine, and light, and love, and thee." And this, I take it, was Heinrich's experience to the end, though the glow of his ideal departed for a while when his children brought him from the plains the full vessel of their mother's tears. He withstood the priest and repulsed the villagers; but almost on the top of these scenes, which seemed to draw him nearer to Rautendelein, came the last trial of all, when the spirits of his two little boys appeared to Heinrich, to tell him that Magda had drowned herself. For a moment—the irrevocable moment—the artist reverted to the man. The master-craftsman, who had been confirmed in his faith by the reproaches of parish and church, became the conscience-stricken husband and father. He cast off Rautendelein, and all the wonders to which she had opened his eyes. His peal of bells was forgotten; like the Prophet in the valley, "he put a vail on his face," and the plains dragged him down from the heights.

That the moment passed, though its fatality remained; that Heinrich repented, and sought the light again; that Rautendelein, the shadow of his lost love, now the water-sprite's bride with her human experience blotted out, should hand him the third of the witch's cups, and watch him till the morning broke, this is the logical conclusion of the drama, as Hauptmann tells it in the fifth act. For us, who have read the recital, refined by the charm of German poetic diction and drenched in the colours of old-world German romance, there is no need to follow the critics into the mazes of their discussion. We may take for granted the Moral Philosophers' debate, whether Heinrich was nobler on his artist's height or in his descent to the plain. Every man must explore his Moab and Pisgah for himself; there is no common ordnance survey, and valley and hill become hopelessly mixed when pegged out by stay-at-home map-makers. Even more readily may we dismiss the curious ingenuity of the biographers, who would explain the play by the facts of the author's life, and translate it into a plea for celibacy. Hauptmann is speaking in the "categorical imperative," and, like all great messages of universal import, his sympathy leaves something to the initiative of his audience. "Many are the reed-carriers, but the Bacchantes are few"—this *märchendrama* but repeats the old familiar theme; and the story of Heinrich and Rautendelein and Magda should remind us again that the gleam is not false, nor the music out of tune, though lights still fail and bells still sink.

L. M.

THE LONDON OF THE WRITERS.

VII.—DON JUAN IN LONDON.

LORD BYRON left London, never to return, in 1816. He wrote the London passages in *Don Juan* at Genoa in 1823. It is at the close of the tenth canto of that poem that we discover Don Juan approaching London. His retinue is considerable, as befits one sent by Catharine of Russia to negotiate a treaty of hides and train-oil with England. "A bull-dog and a bull-finches and an ermine" go with him, and valets and secretaries occupy other vehicles. By his side sits little Leila. Canterbury passed, they roll along the turnpike road, and at last ascend Shooter's Hill. Here occurs the famous single-stanza view of London. One has seen it quoted by saintly critics along with Wordsworth's Westminster Bridge sonnet: "See," they have exclaimed, "how London affected a noble and an ignoble mind." This is not criticism, nor justice. The Byronic sneer does not mar, it merely distinguishes, Byron's picture; and it fixes a mood to which, perhaps, no lover of London is wholly a stranger. Topping the hill, Don Juan's party enjoyed the spectacle which had moved Drayton and Johnson to verse, and had lured the brush of Turner:

"A mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping,
Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye
Could reach, with here and there a sail just skipping
In sight, then lost amidst the forestry
Of masts; a wilderness of steeples peeping
On tip-toe, through their sea-coal canopy;
A huge, dun cupola, like foolscap crown
On a fool's head—and there is London Town!"

That verse will always please robust minds. What immensity is conveyed in Byron's stanza! "A wilderness of steeples peeping on tip-toe"; the sail "lost amidst the forestry of masts"! Yet London in 1814 was but beginning to be a giant. Don Juan saw a broad carpet of meadows encircling the town. Toll-gates and cottage gardens gay with hollyhocks dotted the white road before him. The summer "boxes" of the "cits," with their toy temples and pagodas, alone signified the nearness of London. True, houses were creeping across the Lambeth Marshes, converging as they crept. Horace Smith had just bewailed the fact that:

"St George's Fields are fields no more,
The trowel supersedes the plough;
Huge inundated swamps of yore,
Are changed to civic villas now;"

and David Cox had snatched in the same fields the last rural view of St. Paul's, the last cow-pond unpolluted by lime and brick-dust.

Onward rolled Don Juan. His sanguinary adventure with the highwayman on approaching the city of freedom and virtue need not be lingered on here; but the death of the robber, who, at his last gasp, untied his kerchief, exclaiming, "Give Sal that!" is as well done in its way as the death of the gladiator in "Childe Harold." The progress through the villages and turnpikes, "through Kennington and all the other

tons," is described with Byron's dash as a sketcher:

"Through Groves, so call'd as being void of trees
(Like *lucus*, from *no* light); through prospects named

Mount Pleasant, as containing nought to please,
Nor much to climb; through little boxes framed

Of bricks, to let the dust in at your ease
With 'To be let' upon their doors proclaimed;

Through 'Rows' most modestly called 'Paradise.'

Which Eve might quit without much sacrifice:

Through coaches, drays, choked turnpikes,
and a whirl

Of wheels, and roar of voices, and confusion!
Here taverns wooing to a pint of 'purl':

There mails fast flying off like a delusion:
There barbers' blocks with periwigs in curl

In windows: here the lamplighter's infusion

Slowly distill'd into the glimmering glass
(For in those days we had not got to gas);—

Through this, and much, and more, is the approach

Of travellers to mighty Babylon:

Whether they come by horse, or chaise, or coach,

With slight exceptions, all the ways seem one.

I could say more, but do not choose to encroach

Upon the guide-book's privilege. The sun Had set some time, and night was on the ridge

Of twilight, as the party cross'd the bridge."

The "bridge" was old Westminster Bridge, built by Charles Labelye, the Swiss, and first opened to the public in 1750. It had inspired Wordsworth's sonnet in 1803. And Gibbon, one remembers, wrote, when leaving London for Lausanne and literature: "As my post-chaise moved over Westminster Bridge, I bade a long farewell to the *fumum et opes strepitumque Roma.*"

Over this bridge Don Juan now rolled into the well-lit crowded streets of London. The gas-lamps dazzled him. The bridge had been lit with gas in 1814, and on Christmas Day of that year the general lighting of London by gas had been inaugurated. Hence he notes:

"The lamps of Westminster's more regular gleam,"

and continues:

"The line of lights, too, up to Charing Cross, Pall Mall, and so forth, have a coruscation Like gold as in comparison to dross, Matched with the Continent's illumination, Whose cities Night by no means deigns to gloss:

The French were not yet a lamp-lighting nation;

And when they grew so—on their new found lantern,
Instead of wicks, they made a wicked man turn."

Even the English became "a gas-lighting nation" unwillingly. Sir Humphry Davy's scoffing suggestion that the dome of St. Paul's should be used as a gasometer was typical; and the dwellers in Grosvenor-square haughtily burned oil for twenty years after the rest of London had adopted gas. Mean-

while, Don Juan rattles up Pall Mall, and past "St. James's Palace and St. James's 'Hells,' to "one of the sweetest of hotels."

From his desk in Genoa Byron could guide his hero through the West End with a perfect knowledge of his subject. All his London homes had been located there. He had lived in Piccadilly and in Jermyn-street. He had written "Childe Harold" in St. James's-street. New Bond-street and Albemarle-street and the Albany had given him shelter. Watier's Club, and the Alfred, and the Cocoa Tree had been his haunts; and at Rogers' breakfast table and in Mr. Murray's drawing-room he had met Moore and Scott and the wits, orators, and social leaders of the day. He knew every fashionable street. In a note to Moore on April 9, 1814, he had written before his exile: "There was a night for you! without once quitting the table, except to ambulate home [to the Albany], which I did alone, and in utter contempt for a hackney coach, and my own *vis*, both of which were deemed necessary for our conveyance." The recollection of this night [he had been drinking "a kind of Regency punch" at the "Cocoa Tree"] might well have moved Byron's pen when, on the Mediterranean, he wrote of Don Juan's reception:

"In the Great World—which, being interpreted,

Meaneth the west or worst end of a city,
And about twice two thousand people, bred

By no means to be very wise or witty,
Bur to sit up while others lie in bed,

And look down on the universe with pity—
Juan, as an inveterate patrician,

Was well received by persons of condition."

We have a rollicking Byronic picture of West-End life in the season, much of which can be quoted as true to-day. Take three stanzas out of thirty:

"His afternoons he pass'd in visits, luncheons,
Lounging, and boxing; and the twilight hour

In riding round those vegetable puncheons
Call'd 'Parks,' where there is neither fruit nor flower

Enough to gratify a bee's slight launchings;
But after all it is the only 'bower'

(In Moore's phrase) where the fashionable fair

Can form a slight acquaintance with fresh air.

Then dress, then dinner, then awakes the world;

Then glare the lamps, then whirl the wheels, then roar

Through street and square fast flashing chariots hurl'd

Like harness'd meteors; then along the floor

Chalk mimics painting; then festoons are twirl'd;

Then all the brazen thunders of the door,
Which opens to the thousand happy few

An earthly Paradise of 'Or Molu.'

There stands the noble hostess, nor shall

sink
With the three thousandth curtsey; there the waltz,

The only dance which teaches girls to think,
Makes one in love even with its very faults.

Saloon, room, hall, o'erflow beyond their bink,

And long the latest of arrivals halts,
Midst royal dukes and dames condemn'd to climb,

And gain an inch of staircase at a time."

Moralising these scenes, Byron does not forget to exclaim on the transitoriness of the social drama, and the entrances and exits of the actors. "Where is the world of eight years past?" he exclaims.

"Where's Brummel? Diah'd. Where's Long Pole Wellesley? Diddled.
Where's Whitbread? Romilly? Where's George the Third?
Where is his will? (That's not so soon unriddled.)
And where is 'Fum' the Fourth, our royal bird?
Gone down, it seems, to Scotland, to be fiddled
Unto by Sawney's violin, we have heard:
'Caw me, caw thee'—for six months hath been hatching
This scene of royal itch and loyal scratching.
Where is Lord This? And where my Lady That?
The Honourable Mistresses and Misses?
Some laid aside, like an old opera hat,
Married, unmarried, and re-married (this is
An evolution oft performed of late):
Where are the Dublin shouts—and London hisses?
Where are the Grenvilles? Turn'd, as usual.
Where My friends the Whigs? Exactly where they were.

Where are the Lady Carolines and Franceses?
Divorced, or doing there aenent. Ye annals So brilliant, where the list of routs and dances is—
Thou *Morning Post*, sole record of the panels
Broken in carriages, and all the fantasies Of fashion—say what streams now fill those channels?
Some die, some fly, some languish on the Continent,
Because the times have hardly left them *one tenant*."

These were sights and reflections which Don Juan could have enjoyed in Russia. There were spectacles, nobler than gas-lamps, that he could enjoy only in England; and at one of these Byron does not permit his hero to scoff:

"He also had been busy seeing sights—
The Parliament and all the other houses;
Had sate beneath the gallery at nights,
To hear debates whose thunder roused (not rouses)
The world to gaze upon those northern lights
Which floated as far as where the musk-bull browses:
He had also stood at times behind the throne—
But Grey was not arrived, and Chatham gone.

He saw, however, at the closing session
That noble sight, when really free the nation,
A king in constitutional possession
Of such a throne as is the proudest station,
Though despots know it not—till the progression
Of freedom shall complete their education.
'Tis not mere splendour makes the show august
To eyes or hearts—it is the people's trust."

On this note we may end. The descriptions of London in "Don Juan" are a medley within a medley; but they are mordant and graphic, and therefore memorable.

LIGHT VERSE.

A PLEA FOR ITS REVIVAL.

LIGHT verse—to use a title convenient, if something inept—is the Cinderella of English literature, regarded by most readers and many critics with a frigid indifference or, at best, with good-humoured tolerance. Your fifth-rate "poet," your writer of sonnets doleful and threnodies lugubrious, however scant his success in execution, in aspiration at least is reckoned deserving of sympathetic praise. But the versifier of a gayer mood finds himself accounted but a literary buffoon, and learns that, by a cruel irony of fortune, the better his work, the more careful his polish, the greater his art in concealing artifice, so much the more will the average reader believe that no real labour can have gone to the making of it.

Worse still, the critics, as their highest meed of praise, will advise him to forswear forthwith his especial art—an art so rare, so delicate, so hard of mastery—and to enrol himself in that nameless legion of melancholy poetasters who bewail existence in the ears of an unheeding world. Who does not know the run of the glib sentence penned by the "indolent reviewer" with a volume of good light verse on his desk? "Delightfully fluent," he writes; "composed evidently with remarkable ease and facility; qualities, however, which make one wish that the writer would devote his evident powers to serious poetry. There is little in the present volume that calls for serious notice. . . ."

Once more, your critic commonly believes that the only light verse of any real merit has been written by Calverley, Praed, Locker-Lampson, and Austin Dobson; any others he eyes with suspicion as rash trespassers upon the demesne appropriated for all time by this quartette. Scarce could there be a judgment more misleading. Mr. Dobson, in his especial field, is *hors concours*. None can hope to rival his treatment of eighteenth century themes, to unite his exact historical knowledge with his mastery of verse graceful and refined. Yet other subjects there are ready to the hand of the verse-writer; he needs not to dress his characters in powder and patch; in a word, his work is not of necessity inferior if its inspiration be drawn from the present rather than the past. Turn to the other three; we may not endorse Mr. Swinburne's verdict that "Calverley has been preposterously overpraised," we may value to the full the smoothness of Praed, the deftness of Locker-Lampson, but is it heresy to suggest that—to give a single modern instance—their equal in dexterity and humour is to be found in the person of Mr. Owen Seaman?

There is, indeed, a striking difference between "light verse" as we know it to-day and the ragged stuff which was once in vogue. The older mode was that of Theodore Hook, that of the *Ingoldsby Legends*, wherein a few extra syllables in a line mattered little, a clumsy inversion or a false rhyme still less. We have learnt better things; we have been taught that good light verse must be polished *ad unguem*, that the humour may be subtle

and refined, and even blended with a delicate pathos. Best of all, to emend a celebrated dictum, "Puns have had their day," to write light verse well you must needs unite a sense of humour to a sensitive ear, intolerant of jarring lines and slovenly finish.

In some degree the art of writing serious poetry is easier of attainment. True, in that latter pursuit, your chance of great achievement is remote. On the other hand, you may acquit yourself creditably with small natural gift or expenditure of toil; you may be—as the great bulk of "serious" verse writers are—you may be mediocre, no man forbidding you; but that saving middle term exists not for light verse. Either it succeeds—it "comes off," to use a slang phrase—or it fails, fails hopelessly, irremediably. Perhaps of no art may it be said with more truthfulness that only he who himself has attempted it can rightly estimate its difficulties, can guess how much "labour of the file" has gone to the perfecting of those lines which fall so pat, which seem so effortless, so inevitable.

Partly, no doubt, through this lack of appreciation—for the work is so hard to do well, so lightly regarded when done—and partly, to be frankly mercantile, because hers is the worst paid service into which the man of letters can enter, the gayer Muse has but few devotees in this country, finding readier honour across the Channel. Some who paid her assiduous court in their youth—Mr. Lang, Mr. Gosse, Mr. Gilbert, and, alas! Mr. Dobson—have deserted her in later years. Yet she can claim some worthy followers. Mr. Seaman's name has been mentioned above; nor can we forget the skill of Mr. C. L. Graves, of Mr. Alfred Cochrane, Mr. Barry Pain, Mr. A. Godley and Mr. R. C. Lehmann; authors whose work, widely though it differ in manner and matter, can yet be classed with some fitness under the common title of good light verse. This brief catalogue makes no pretence of completeness, other names could be added to it without impropriety. But, when all is said, writers of good light verse are few, and the bulk of the rhymes which figure in the "comic" journals are of a quality so contemptible that it were otiose to waste criticism upon them.

We have been bidden of late to welcome a growing taste for serious poetry; some glimmering of appreciation is to be discerned, they tell us, in the mind of "the average reader"; no longer a drug in the market, poetry is to be a joy to the man in the street. Perhaps, then, it is not quite idle to hope that at some future time the "average reader" will gain an insight into the true worth of light verse, when he will perceive that, at its best, it is no mere vagrant of the outer courts, but can fitly claim a place, humble yet honourable, within the temple of the Muses.

PURE FABLES.

I.

THE TWO MEN OF LETTERS.

Two men of letters met in the workhouse. "My friend," cried one of them, "what evil brought you to this?"

"Sloth!" replied the other. "And you—how came you here?"

"Alas, sir! Have you forgotten that I am a stylist?"

II.

NEWVERSE AND THE EDITOR.

Newverse brought an editor to task for not noticing his book.

Quoth the editor: "Sir, the verses were so foolish that it would have been impossible for me justly to praise them, and I had mercy."

"Knaves!" cried Newverse, "knowest thou not that I had rather be flayed alive than perish reviewless?"

III.

THE CAPABLE PLAGIARIST.

The stars accused the moon of plagiarism.

And they sent word to the nightingale not to command her, saying, "She deceiveth thee, and borroweth this beauty."

"Even so," answered the nightingale. "Yet which of you will tell me that she borroweth not to advantage?"

IV.

THE KING AND THE VILLA.

A king, making a progress through his dominions, came suddenly on a glittering villa, the like of which, with its gables and turrets, and palm-house and gorgeous front garden, he did not remember to have seen before.

And he enquired of his equerry to what person of rank and fortune such magnificence might belong.

"That, sir," answered the equerry, "is one of the residences of Mister Brilliant, the great story-writer."

"Bless my soul!" gasped the king.

T. W. H. C.

THE WEEK.

WE do not always understand the ways of publishers; but at holiday-time they are made plain. Hardly any serious literature has appeared, for instance, during the past week; but there has been a rush of Fiction (see our "Guide to Novel Readers"). This does not, we trust, mean a wet Easter.

In justification of a new prose rendering of *The Odes and Epodes of Horace*, Mr. A. D. Godley writes:

"After all, *Horace* in prose need not be more obviously inadequate than *Horace* in verse. Essays in translating him metrically have never yet been crowned with any real success. When

the humbler aim is merely to convey some idea of the exact meaning and not to attempt a *tour de force*, the translator, if he wishes to be taken seriously, had better keep to prose, which is less repellent to the reader than bad poetry; at least, he will not be obscuring the correctness of his interpretation by the inferiority of his versification."

We will give Mr. Godley's rendering of Horace's most famous Ode as a specimen of his method.

"Posthumus, Posthumus, the flying years, alas! glide on, nor shall piety delay wrinkles and hastening old and unconquered death; no, my friend, not if every day thou shouldst offer three hundred bulls to appease tearless Pluto, who enchains Geryon's triple bulk, and Tityus with that gloomy wave which all we who live by earth's bounty must traverse, be we kings or poor husbandmen. 'Tis vain to shun bloody war and the hoarse Adriatic's breaking surf; vain to guard against autumn's unhealthy south winds; still must we behold black Cocytus' dull meandering stream, and Danaus' accursed kin, and Sisyphus, *Ædilus*' son, doomed to an eternity of toil. Thy lands, thy house, thy loved wife—all must thou leave; nor of all yon trees that thou tendest shall any, save the hated cypress, follow their short-lived lord. Thy worthier heir shall drain the Cæcuban thou guardest with a hundred keys, and stain thy floors with royal wine that e'en priestly banquets cannot match."

A HANDSOME volume is Mr. Ernest Law's *The Royal Gallery of Hampton Court*. It takes the form of an annotated catalogue, interspersed with numerous reproductions of paintings. The aims of the author have been comprehensive. The book is

"an attempt towards tracing the history of the pictures in the collection of Her Majesty the Queen at Hampton Court, seeking to discriminate between the valuable and worthless; to verify or disprove their claims to authenticity; to assign them, as far as possible, to their real painters; and at the same time to present, by means of descriptive, biographical, and critical commentary and notes, some idea of the circumstances in which the pictures were painted and the place they occupy in history or in art. To this end researches, in the first place, have been made among the old inventories of Henry VIII., Charles I., the Commonwealth, James II., Queen Anne, &c., and in the State Papers and other ancient records, which have resulted in fixing the time when most of the pictures came into the royal collection, and in determining the painters to whom they were originally ascribed."

Mr. Law has had assistance from the highest sources, and, outwardly, his book is as complete as it is comely.

Studies in Brown Humanity, by Hugh Clifford, the author of *In Court and Kampong*, deals with native life in the Malay Peninsula. Many of the sketches wear the garb of fiction, but the author declares that

"they are studies of things as they are—drawn from the life. . . . I can only claim these stories as my own in that I have filled in the pictures from my knowledge of the localities in which the various events happened, and have generally told my tales in the fashion which appealed to me as the most appropriate. Umat, who is the subject of one of the sketches, is a very real person indeed, and as I write these lines he is sleeping peacefully over the *punkah* cord, with which he has

become inextricably entangled. The purely descriptive chapters are the result of personal observation in a land which has become very dear to me, which I know intimately, and where the best years of my life have hitherto been spent."

THE "Fur and Feather Series" has become the "Fur, Feather, and Fin Series," and it now includes a work on *The Salmon*, by the Hon. A. E. Gathorne-Hardy.

To the "Story of the Empire Series" is added *New Zealand*, by Mr. William Pember Reeves.

GLASGOW CATHEDRAL is not much heard of in England; but a Glasgow firm of publishers has just sent south an imposing *Book of Glasgow Cathedral*. This work has been edited by Mr. George Eyre-Todd, and contains contributions by a number of writers. It is nobly printed and illustrated, four of the illustrations being full-page photogravures. The book aims to be a complete historical and pictorial survey of Glasgow Cathedral.

ANOTHER part (H—Haversian) of the *New English Dictionary* is issued.

THE BOOK MARKET.

PENNY DOMESTICITY.

IT is profitable, like all adjuncts of the chapel, Brixton battens on it; the maidens of Holloway absorb it in the long tram ride to the City; by its aid a railway journey becomes a glow of virtue. But we will not seem to mock—penny domesticity has its place, and a big place it is, in modern journalism. Mr. Pearson set the model in his *Home Notes*; Mr. Harmsworth pursued with *Home Chat*; and now with ease we count:

Home Notes.
Home Chat.
Our Home.
The Happy Home.
The Home Companion.
Woman's Life.
The Lady's Gazette.
Etc., etc.

They are all unimpeachable; they are nearly all extremely well edited; and as to contents, they are as like as pins. Each is intensely parental and affectionate. Readers are emphatically *our* readers, more often *my* readers. The "Assistant Editress" of one paper writes:

"It is brave and good of you, Bessie, not to mind having to be a lady-clerk. . . .

The poem you send me, Heraia, I am glad to tell you, shows a promise of such poetic feeling and real talent as I have seldom . . ."

Again we read:

"ALONE.—You should certainly bow. The gentleman evidently knows what is correct. He is right not to take any notice unless you do. It is yours, as it is every other lady's privilege to indicate her wish for recognition."

But the profane eye finds most amusement in the advice given to such a correspondent as Esperanza. Wild editresses shall not prevent us from quoting it in full :

" Esperanza tells me that some months ago she was staying at a hydropathic establishment and there met a young gentleman who paid her a great deal of attention, so that she thought he really cared for her. Indeed, when he left, a few days before he did, she asked if he might write to her, and begged her to call him by his Christian name. Since then she has heard nothing of him, and she wants to know whether she might write to him, as she thinks he may have lost her address.—I certainly advise Esperanza to do nothing, but to try to forget this young man as soon as possible. 'Men were deceivers ever,' and idle young men at hydropathics are very apt to make the time pass pleasantly for themselves by a flirtation, never troubling to think that their sport may be another's pain. You have evidently been victimised by a selfish and unscrupulous young man, for he had no business to have gone so far unless he meant to go farther, and had he been really in love with you he would have written to you at once. When a man loses a girl's address he takes care to find it if he wants to, for 'where there's a will there's a way.'"

No one can deny that this is interesting "copy"—in its place.

Two papers refuse to mix questions of the heart with questions of wall paper and the removal of grease spots. The first has opened a "Courtship Column." Here forlorn letters of inquiry (they are always forlorn) are printed, as well as "Amor's" answers; hence we read :

" Lizzie writes thus : ' About four months ago a young man paid me a great deal of attention. He was very kind to me, and always came to see me according to his appointment. I was very fond of him, and very sorry to part from him. We have been corresponding with each other, and he has also given me presents and appeared to be greatly attached to me. He has promised me marriage, but of late he failed to see me according to his promise. Can you kindly give me any advice on the matter ? We are not engaged, but he has promised to send me an engagement ring for my birthday. I have written to him to know why he has behaved so meanly, but I have received no answer. Should I be doing right in sending back his presents or not ? I am nineteen years of age, and my lover is the same age. '

Answer : ' Amor' fears Lizzie has been too hasty, and offended her lover by terming his conduct mean. Lovers, above all people, should remember that things written sound so very much different to things said. ' Amor' thinks Lizzie had better try and see the young man, and have an explanation, and hopes this may turn out nothing more serious than a lover's quarrel.'

Another paper dedicates a page frankly to "Sweethearts and Lovers" ("Envelopes to be marked 'Lovers' Difficulties"). The following precious morsel is a revelation of the trivial issues which not only achieve print, but become the basis of a whole class of journals :

" Here is a letter from a married lady. She admits to being curious, and she tells me that her husband has a very annoying and irritating way of bringing home newspapers at night with certain little paragraphs cut out of them. It sets her wondering what these paragraphs

originally were, and on one or two occasions she has gone to the trouble and bother of buying duplicate copies of the paper, and found that there was no harm in the paragraphs at all. Can I tell her why I think he does it ?

—Well, I will give you a perfectly frank answer. Seeing that you have tested this, and found that these all-important paragraphs which your husband cuts out amounted to absolutely nothing at all, you can only come to the conclusion that he simply does it for a bit of fun. Probably he knows what you have admitted to me, that one of the principle ingredients which go to make up your constitution is curiosity. I daresay that he is quietly chuckling all the time, and does not intend to cause you five minutes' anxiety. Take my advice, let the whole matter slide. Do not let him see that you notice anything, and depend upon it, it will soon be stopped, and you will be relieved of all your anxiety."

We violate these confidences with some misgivings. But they appear to embody the vital principle of penny domestic journalism. These papers are read by maidens who are willing to be wives ; and courtship being the basis of their hopes, the ethics of courtship and bridals receive prominence. And the day of general dissertations is over. The "You and Me" note is all important.

" *Boudoir Chat*, " "Side Talks with Girls," "Our At Home," "Five O'clock Tea with the Editor" — these are the cues. In this spirit the whole making of a home is discussed ; and every good thing is recommended, from a bicycle lamp to a forgiving spirit. Great are the treatises on furniture (*vide* "How I Furnished my Sweetheart's Room") ; great the articles of guidance (*vide* "The Etiquette of a Wedding" and "How to Answer Advertisements") ; great the character-sketches (*vide* "Clever Wives of Well-known Men" and "Men whom Women Admire") ; great the moral philosophy (*vide* "The Restlessness of the Age" and "Characters as Shown by the Mouth") ; great the verses and versicles which flow into every cranny (*vide* "Only a Little Pink Baby Shoe" and "Voices of the Tender Past.") The *genre* of penny home papers is definitely formed ; and, like most products of compulsory education, it bewilders.

CORRESPONDENCE.

JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

SIR,—Jean-Jacques' life has always been a favourite theme with French essayists. His name evokes a unique past made of strange doings and imperishable doctrines having left their mark upon society at large. This great man proved his own enemy in many ways. His "Confessions," published after his death, supplied posterity with a weapon wherewith to scourge his memory. His critics complacently dwell upon his morose character, and find no excuse for it except his own natural perversity, forgetting that the cruel internal complaint from which he suffered almost invariably leads to mental gloom and depression. An early martyr to melancholia, Rousseau must have stood more

than once on the brink of self-destruction. It is to woman he owed his salvation. Those fair enthusiasts whom *Julie's* love-story had enthralled, were all up in arms in his defence, shielding him from the outer world, soothing him in his distress, leading him by the hand, so to say, like a child in need of protection. Indeed, the ladies of France had every cause to be grateful to the man who, whatever his crotches and vagaries, had meant well by them, teaching them, above all things, to be good wives and mothers. He preached to them a gospel that went straight to their hearts. Well might Victor Cousin, who felt so keenly on the question of female education (see his *Jacqueline Pascal*) deplore the neglect into which Rousseau's writings had fallen nowadays. That question, according to Cousin, was understood by none better than by the author of *Emile*, and he more particularly refers to the fifth and concluding part of that remarkable treatise which concerns woman alone and the noble part assigned to her by nature at the side of her companion, man. The "New Woman," I am afraid, will think but poorly of those eloquent pages so completely at variance with her own bold theories, for Jean-Jacques held it as his firm belief, and all his arguments are based upon that belief, that equality between the two sexes was neither possible nor desirable for woman's own sake, who would thereby lose all moral influence and the respect due to her. *Altri tempi, altri costumi.*

One of the more recent contributors to the "Rousseau literature" is M. Léon Claretie, the son, I presume, of the distinguished director of the French comedy. Under the attractive title, *J.-J. Rousseau et ses Amies*, M. Claretie presents to the reader a series of biographical sketches, the place of honour in the series being given to Mme. d'Houdetot, the most sympathetic of all Rousseau's "friends," and the one he loved best ; but to no purpose, for the sprightly Countess had already an admirer, the famous Saint-Lambert, to whom she was devoted. As customary in those times among the upper classes, the Count, her husband, lived on the best terms possible with his wife's paramour. The prevailing fashion was, not to stick at such trifles as fidelity in wedlock and respect for one's own name. M. Claretie tells us all this in that light, easy style to which the French language lends itself so well, but he is not very careful as to dates. For instance, after having stated that Saint-Lambert died in 1803, and the husband in 1806, he would have us believe that the two met at the Countess's table in 1811 to celebrate an anniversary. It speaks well for the old lady's nerves that she could sit down to dinner with a couple of ghosts without being upset.

Armed with Jean-Jacques' "Confessions," the most startling monument of self-revelation ever conceived, the author has not a word to say in exculpation of that poor monomaniac, racked by disease, who saw an enemy in every fellow-creature. M. Claretie is particularly indignant with Rousseau for having forsaken his children. The curious part of the affair is that no one ever saw them. There is not a particle of

independent evidence to show that those children have ever existed. There is no written proof extant that Thérèse Levasseur, the supposed mother, who survived her illustrious husband upwards of twenty years, has ever been questioned upon that moot point. That poor woman may not have been a paragon of virtue, but she was a good and faithful nurse, and the tears of gratitude with which Rousseau spoke of her in his declining years are a testimony in her favour that no sneers can obliterate. M. Claretie's sarcasms are out of place concerning her. His associating her name with that of Omphale by way of casting ridicule on him "who sat at her feet" is in worse taste still. M. Claretie seems to forget what he owes to the author of the *Contrat Social*. The very French he writes is Rousseau's, the father and creator of French modern prose. The judicious, always accurate, Sainte-Beuve calls him a "*régénérateur de la langue*," and he points out the sources from whence he drew his inspiration: Rousseau is the first French writer who introduced *nature* into the arid literature of the eighteenth century, who spoke in melodious and hitherto unknown strains of blue skies, green fields and the tranquil majesty of forests. Those were novelties to the readers of Voltaire's *La Pucelle* and Montesquieu's *Lettres Persanes*, and they charmed them. No wonder the ladies liked him so well and stuck to him to the last.

March 14.

THOMAS DELTA.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"The Dreamers of the Ghetto," *The Daily Chronicle's* critic finds an affinity between Mr. By I. Zangwill. Zangwill's book and the works of the late Mr. Pater:

"As in Pater, we are carried up and down the centuries to various parts of Europe, and are shown glimpses of life and strange phases of thought, snatched, as it were, from the oblivion which, when the brief scene is over, falls again on either side, whilst that one point of time with its living hopes and thoughts, and all its varied colours, remains to us vivid and memorable. We have a vision of the years presented to us in typical souls. We live again through crises of human thought, and are compelled by the writer's art to regard them, not as a catalogue of errors or hopes dead and done with, but under the vital forms in which at one time or another they confronted the minds of actual men like ourselves."

Coming to the work itself, this critic gives it enthusiastic praise. We quote a passage near the end of his review:

"It will be seen that the author has courage. He does not flatter or spare. He shows us all the squalor, the sordid narrowness, the perverted ingenuity of his people. Those are the very things, indeed, which give him his artistic opportunity. For, in pathetic contrast to them all, he reveals to us the peculiar glory of Israel—the obstinate patience, the undying hope, the strange beauty of an immemorial ritual, the passion of a despised kinship, and somewhere in the heart of the race that unsatisfied hunger for God. Had not the author himself passed through the phases of emotion and thought represented, for instance, in the 'Chad

Gadyn,' he could not have accomplished that fine study in dramatic meditation without exaggeration, sentimentality or bathos. Yet he achieves the difficult task without a slip, and as his world-weary and disillusioned Jew sinks in a Venetian canal, and with his last breath tries to utter the ancient words, 'Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is one,' we feel that the common use of the word artist falls short of the truth."

From an acute and informing notice in the *St. James's Gazette* by Mr. W. P. James, we quote the following fragments:

"Mr. Zangwill continues to interpret Israel to the Gentiles. It is a work well worthy to be done, and a work urgently needed to be done, if one is to judge by the rapidity with which modern European nations drop back into a blind mediæval hatred of the Chosen People. *The Dreamers of the Ghetto* is a thoughtful and, both in form and substance, a singularly interesting contribution both to the work of interpretation and to the literature of fiction....

Mr. Zangwill, as readers of his first Jewish novel will remember, has a pitiless eye for the pinchbeck glitter of the parvenu Jew. He detects it even in the great English Earl, the 'Primrose Sphynx,' perhaps not forgetting, besides the glitter of the novels, some little indications in Disraeli's private letters to his sister written in early manhood, in 'the days of the dandies.' And it is precisely because he thinks the world is only too familiar with the external aspect of the prosperous Jewish parvenu that he is anxious to interpret the 'dreamers' of the ghetto, the creators of religions and religious revivals, the people of 'longings that cannot be uttered,' who yet have given Europe, in Spinoza, its most profound philosophy; in Heine its most perfect and most poignant love-lyrics as well as its most biting wit. 'The Jews,' said Heine, 'were a wonderful people. They invented Christianity and loans: Christendom highly appreciated loans; it had not made trial of Christianity. If Christendom ceases to appreciate loans when the Christians are not the creditors, and the usurer charges sixty per cent., never was Nemesis clearer. Christendom, which drove the Jews from the general street into its ghettos, drove the Jews likewise into the practice of usury....'

It is rather amusing, by the way, now to recall Mr. Zangwill's *début* as a 'new humorist.' Happily, when mirth was required of him, he remembered Jerusalem; and his tongue, instead of cleaving to the roof of his mouth, became eloquent in her service. The seriousness of the present book is notable. It is an earnest plea for the spirit of religion against the tyranny of the letter. And a comparison of *Joseph the Dreamer* with *Uriel Acosta* will prove how impartially in this matter Judaism and Christianity are treated by Mr. Zangwill."

The *Spectator* devotes an article to Mr. Zangwill. The writer begins by recalling Mr. Zangwill's earlier work, *The Children of the Ghetto*, which he thinks was "a book of the truly revealing kind." He then compares *The Dreamers of the Ghetto* with it—but unfavourably:

"We expected it, perhaps unreasonably, to explain something of the central fact of all Jewish history, the marvellous, the almost miraculous, disparity and distance between their highest minds and their average minds, between Isaiah and the Rabbis, between St. Paul and the traders in the market-place, and found nothing that made the facts in any degree more clear. The book is a collection of

sketches of men who are often striking and always interesting, but does not, so far as we see, suggest any thread of connexion between the minds of those men, or any, even the most insufficient, explanation of their lives.

If Mr. Zangwill really wishes to make his people clearer to the world, and so remove a mist of unjust prejudice, he should tell us his views, through tales if he will, though we think he might do the work more convincingly through a graver statement of all that in his judgment differentiates the Hebrew from the European intellect. The former intellect has, as we conceive, another kind of intuition, one that pierces the veil of life more sharply, and sees more clearly the rightful dominance of that which is beyond. And he should answer three questions, which are all of them just now, though unimportant here, of terrible importance to his kinsmen on the Continent. The first is—are Hebrews capable of being patriots? . . . Mr. Zangwill in this very book sings a sort of paean to England as the country which has caught the Hebraic inspiration, and is heiress, as it were, of the Hebrew spirit. Still, the Continent is fuller of Jews than England is, and the Continent denies patriotism to Jews with terrible results for the persecuted people. What is the precise truth as a fair-minded Jew understands it, and in what way does the feeling for their race slide into the feeling for their adopted country? What, again, is the true Jewish feeling among the thoughtful as well as the ordinary as to the acquisition of wealth? Do they look upon it as the mediæval Jews did, as a defence, or as a means of obtaining luxury, or as an instrument for obtaining the power for which they are believed to thirst? And, finally, what is the depth and what are the limits of that spirit of mockery which all their enemies of to-day attribute to Jews, which is so singularly absent from the Old Testament—there is only one mocking sentence in it—but which inspires the genius of Heine, is believed on the Continent to be ingrained in the character of the race, and is, we incline to think, revealed as really existing by their special tastes in jests? No Jew, we fancy, not even Mr. Zangwill, quite understands how completely sealed a book the modern Jew character is to the Gentile communities, or how much dangerous prejudice would disappear if it were thoroughly understood. It is the unknown, not the known, before which modern men recoil."

FROM a well-written review of this comedy, signed H. Edmond Rostand. H. F., in the *Westminster Gazette* we take leave to quote the following passages:

"Fortunately M. Rostand is no decadent. Whether he build us up a delicate fairyland structure, breathing, like 'La Princesse Lointaine,' the spirit of mediæval romance, or give us a bold, heroic comedy, full of life and colour and movement, like 'Cyrano,' he is always poetically sane and vigorously dramatic. It may be old-fashioned to feel grateful to him for this, and for his choice of subjects among things pleasant and of good report; but there are many of us who, like Mr. Hardcastle, still love some old fashions better than the new, and the brilliant success of 'Cyrano' in Paris shows that, even there, such a taste has not altogether lost its influence."

Cyrano, the Gascon hero with the huge nose:

'Un nez ! Ah ! messeigneurs, quel nez que ce nez-là !
On ne peut voir passer un pareil nasigère
Sans'écrier "Oh ! non, vraiment il exagère!"
Puis on sourit, on dit "Il va l'enlever," mais
Monsieur de Bergerac ne l'eulève jamais.'

Cyrano is played at the Porte St. Martin by Coquelin, and is, of course, the part Sir Henry Irving had in his eye when he bought the English rights of the play. So much as to look at Cyrano's nose is dangerous; to mock at it is to face his steel. Thus he saves his ugliness from ridicule among his fellow-men, but, alas! he has no spell to cast over women, and he—the famous poet and fighter, the glass of fashion, and the mould of form for every Gascon youth—loves in vain the beauteous Roxane, whose affections are set on young Christian de Neuvillette. The irony of mocking Cupid makes Roxane, all unconscious of Cyrano's passion, demand his protection for her lover, and nobly Cyrano discharges his trust. When the foolish Christian tries to pick a quarrel, Cyrano refuses to be provoked by the most insulting references to his nose and takes the boy to his arms. They become inseparables, and Cyrano even writes Christian's love-letters and sonnets to his mistress's eyebrows, putting into them his whole soul, and pleading for another as he would fain have pleaded for himself. So well does he succeed that at last Roxane declares, in a fervour of poetic admiration, that she loves Christian for his verses alone:

‘Je t'aimerais encore
Si toute ta beauté tout d'un coup s'envolait!’

She would love Christian *même laid, affreux, desfiguré, grotesque*. Here, then, is a strange situation. The only solution is Christian's death. He is killed in battle a moment after Roxane has made this avowal to him and to Cyrano, and so the fourth act closes. The fifth shows us in infinitely pathetic scenes the long-delayed discovery by Roxane, who for fifteen years has mourned Christian as her poet-lover, of Cyrano's noble deception. But it is made too late. Cyrano is death-stricken, and Roxane, broken-hearted, can only cry:

‘Je n'aimais qu'un seul être et je le perds deux fois.’

Of the large humanity, the humour, the pathos, and the dramatic effectiveness of the play, such a brief and bald summary of the plot can convey but a hint. The scenes in the private theatre at the Duke of Burgundy's; in the shop of the pastrycook Ragueneau, whose adoration of poetic genius makes every needy poetaster of Paris his debtor; in the French camp before Arras; and in the peaceful convent garden whither Roxane has taken her woes of widowhood—each is full of life and poetry and wit."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Week ending Thursday, April 7.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

A TREATISE ON THE PREPARATION AND DELIVERY OF SERMONS. By John A. Broadus, D.D. New (twenty-third) edition. Hodder & Stoughton.

DIVINE IMMANENCE: AN ESSAY ON THE SPIRITUAL SIGNIFICANCE OF MATTER. By J. R. Illingworth, M.A. Macmillan & Co. 7s. 6d.

THOUGHTS ON THE CHURCH. By the Rev. Vernon Staley. Thos. Hibberd.

THE PREPARATION FOR CHRISTIANITY IN THE ANCIENT WORLD. By R. M. Wenley. A. & C. Black.

A HARVEST OF MYRRH AND SPICES GATHERED FROM THE MYSTERIES OF THE LORD'S PASSION. By William H. Draper, M.A. Henry Frowde.

THE CHRISTIAN INTERPRETATION OF LIFE, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By W. T. Davison, M.A. Charles H. Kelly. 4s. 6d.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE HOLY LANCE: AN EPISODE OF THE CRUSADES, AND OTHER MONOGRAPHS. By W. Stewart Ross. W. Stewart & Co.

HENRY OF GUISE, AND OTHER PORTRAITS. By A. C. Macdowall. Macmillan & Co. 8s. 6d.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

In our last issue we inadvertently gave the price of Mr. Guy Boothby's new novel, *The Lust of Hate*, as six shillings. It should have been five shillings.

MESSRS. METHUEN will publish on 18th April a new romance, by Mr. Crockett, entitled *The Standard Bearer*. The hero is

the minister of a Galloway parish. The story opens with the persecution of the Covenanters in 1685.

THE third volume of Messrs. Service & Paton's "Popular Biblical Library" will be published immediately. It is entitled *The History of Early Christianity*, and is from the pen of the Rev. Leighton Pullan, of St. John's College, Oxford.

MESSRS. J. M. DENT & CO. will issue this month a large paper edition of *The High History of the Holy Grail*, limited to 150 copies, printed on hand-made paper, with proofs of Sir Edward Burne-Jones's illustrations on India paper.

THE REV. R. T. Mylne is about to publish a volume of sermons preached in Bangor Cathedral, entitled *The Abiding Strength of the Church*. Mr. Mylne is a fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and some of the sermons are on antiquarian subjects. The work will be illustrated by four photographs of antiquities, will have a preface by the head master of Rugby, and will be published by Mr. Elliot Stock.

MR. WILLIAM HEINEMANN writes to say that the play, "The Master," about to be produced by Mr. John Hare, has no connexion with the novel by Mr. I. Zangwill, who has in no way sanctioned the use of the title, though unable in the present state of the copyright law to substantiate his claim to a title duly copyrighted as a book.

THE concluding part of Mr. Will Rothenstein's series of *English Portraits* is announced for publication by Mr. Grant Richards early in April, and will contain drawings of Mr. R. B. Cunningham Graham and Mr. Henry James. The portraits will then be issued in one volume with cover and title-page by Mr. Rothenstein. It has been generally understood that the notices which accompany the portraits have been the work of the artist, but a note to the volume expresses Mr. Rothenstein's thanks to "Messrs. Grant Allen, William Archer, L. F. Austin, Max Beerbohm, Laurence Binyon, Vernon Blackburn, Edward Clodd, Canon Dixon, Edmund Gosse, C. L. Graves, John Gray, Laurence Housman, Lionel Johnson, Clement Shorter, and Prof. York Powell for the biographical notices which accompany the portraits."

MR. GRANT RICHARDS announces the immediate publication of a new edition of a poetical drama by the late Louisa Shore. This is *Hannibal*, a book which in its day attracted a considerable amount of attention.

THE portfolio monograph on Greek bronzes, to be published by Messrs. Seeley & Co. in the middle of April, is written by Mr. Alexander Stewart Murray, keeper of the Greek and Roman antiquities at the British Museum, author of *Greek Sculpture under Phidias*, &c. The number will be illustrated mainly from the collection of bronzes in the British Museum, and will contain several that have not previously been reproduced.

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